

LADY LUCK

I.C.D.
4

APRIL No.88

CRIMEDOM'S MOST
BEAUTIFUL ENEMY

A QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION

10¢



Also in this issue

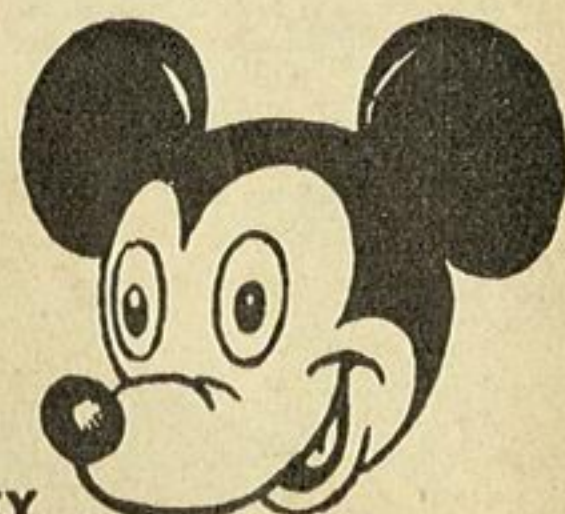
— ● —
LASSIE,
The Mischievous Imp



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Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS

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\$2.95



MICKEY
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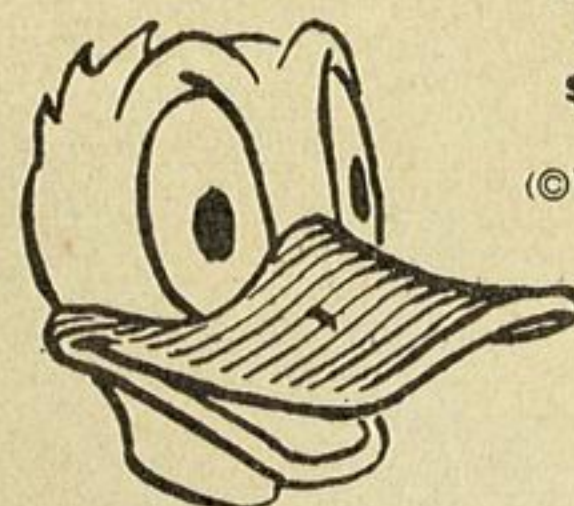
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Minstrel
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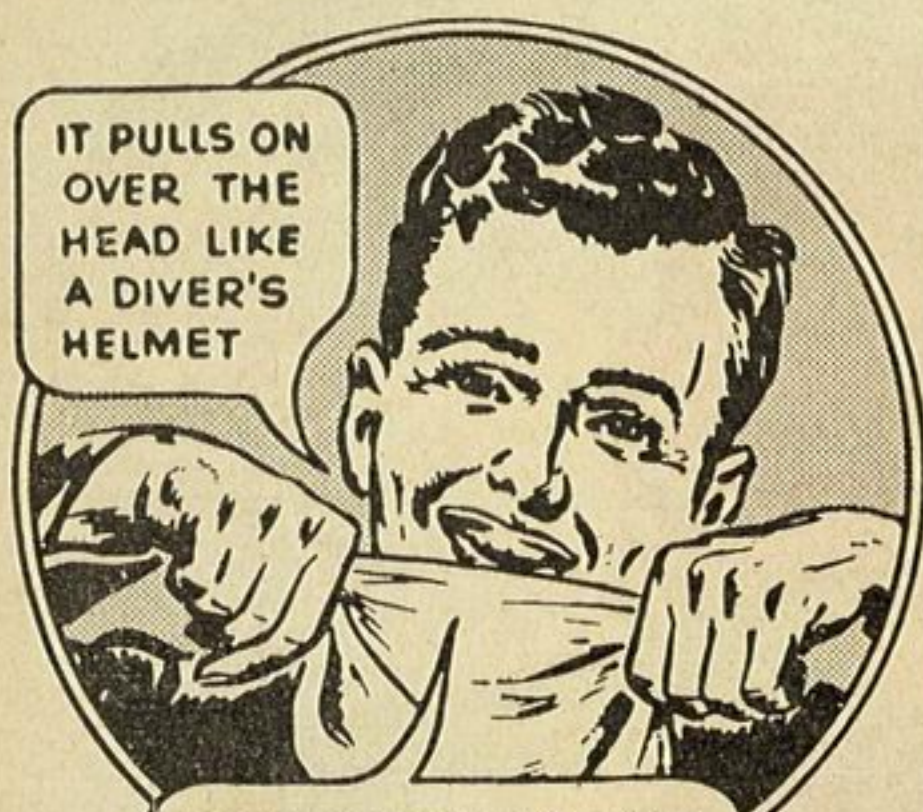
MASKS AVAILABLE

IDIOT MONKEY LADY KILLER
CLOWN OLD MAN OLD LADY 4 EYES
TRAMP SATAN BLACK FACE
MONSTER MAN SOPHISTICATED LADY

All masks above are \$2.95 each

MICKEY MOUSE MINNIE MOUSE
DONALD DUCK at \$3.95 each

Special Santa Claus at \$4.95



NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE



**SEND
NO MONEY!**

**RUSH
COUPON
NOW**

Just mail coupon. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced \$2.95 except Santa Claus (\$4.95) and Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck (at \$3.95 each). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All Masks guaranteed perfect.

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Send me the Masks checked Below

- ☐ Idiot ☐ Monkey ☐ Lady Killer
☐ Clown ☐ Old Man ☐ Old Lady
☐ 4 Eyes ☐ Tramp ☐ Satan
☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man
☐ Sophisticated Lady
☐ Mickey Mouse
☐ Minnie Mouse
☐ Donald Duck
☐ Santa Claus.

() Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.

() Ship postpaid, Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME.....
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STREET.....

CITY.....Zone.....State.....

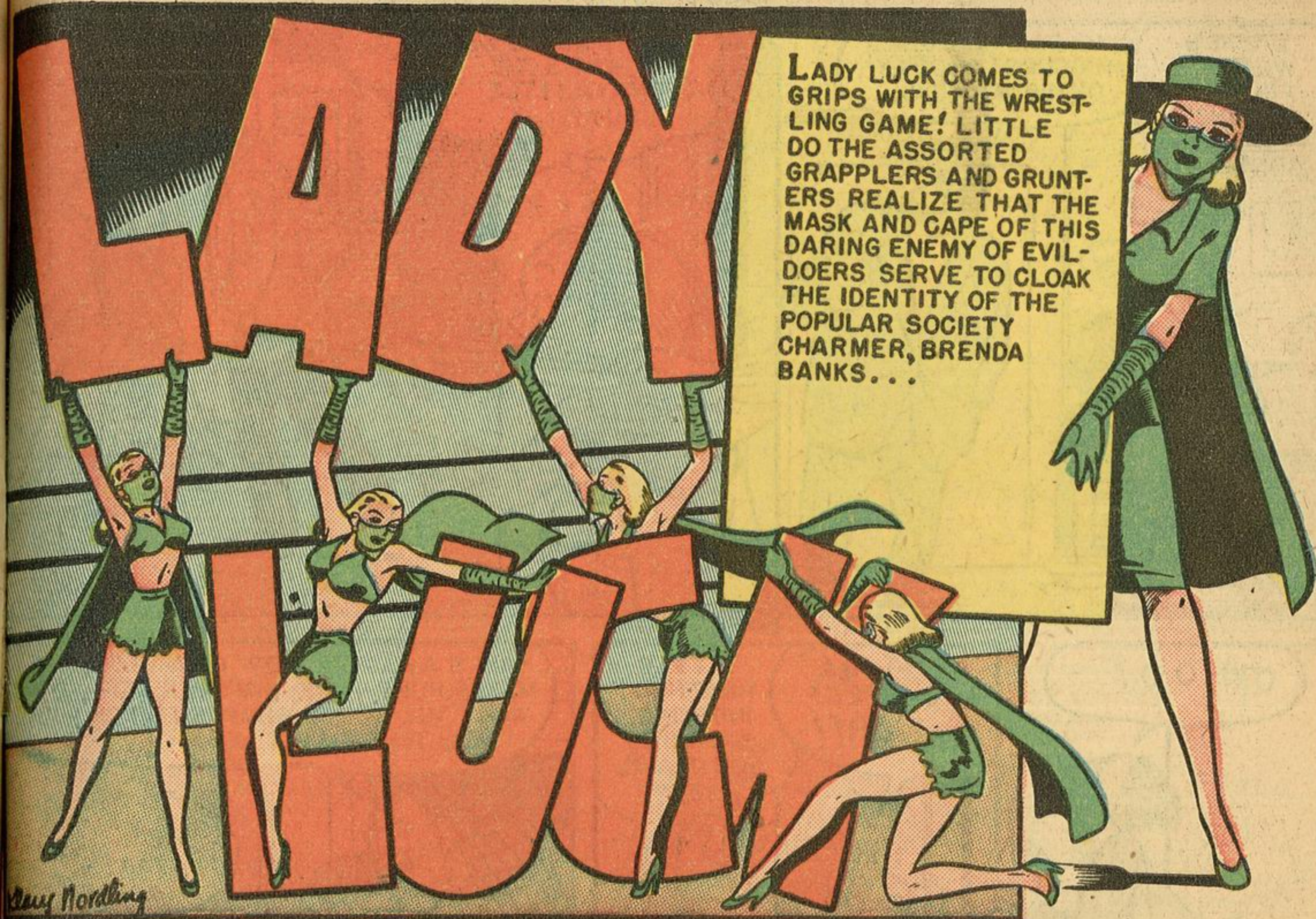
IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes, here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

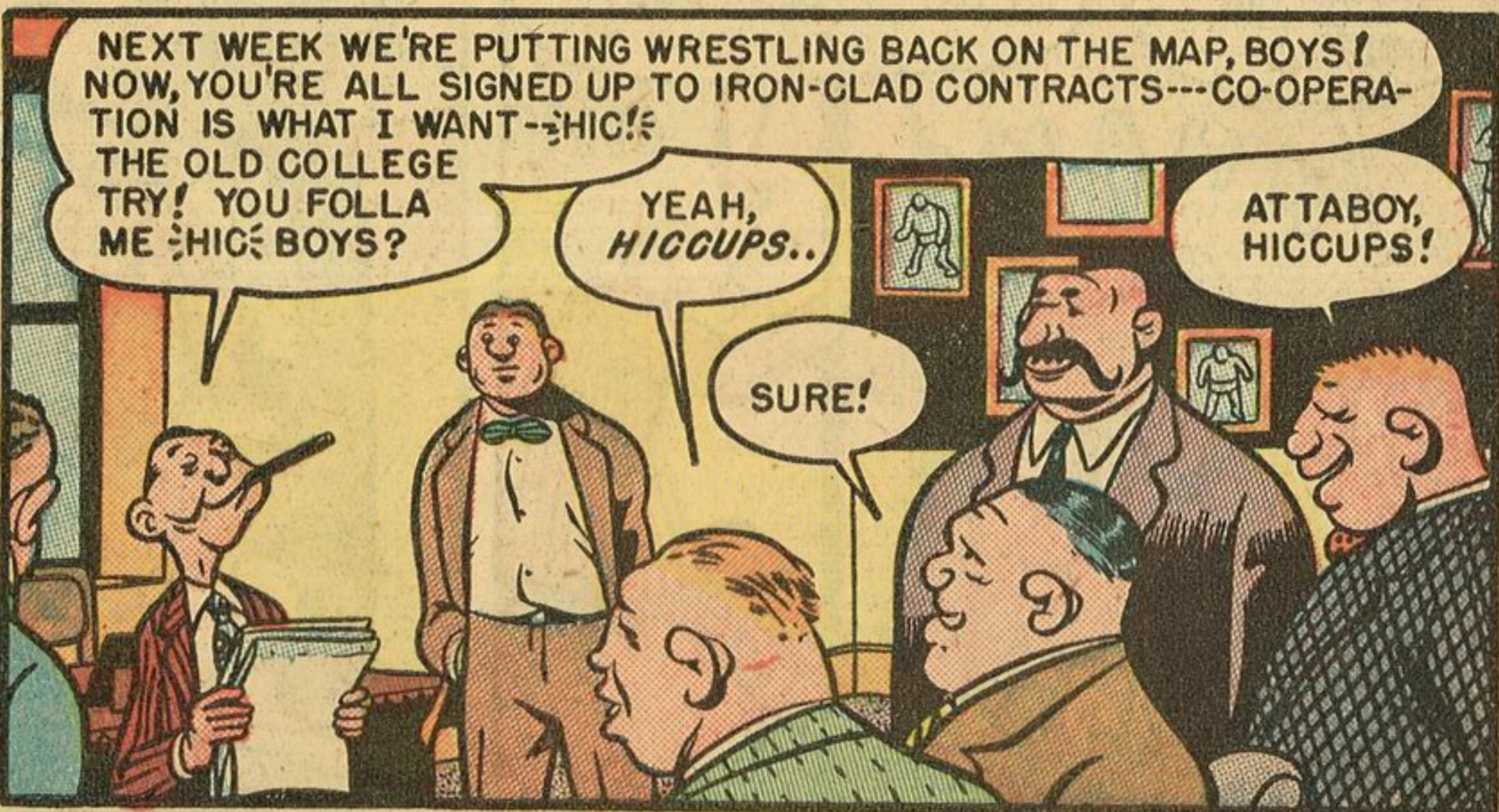


MONKEY \$2.95

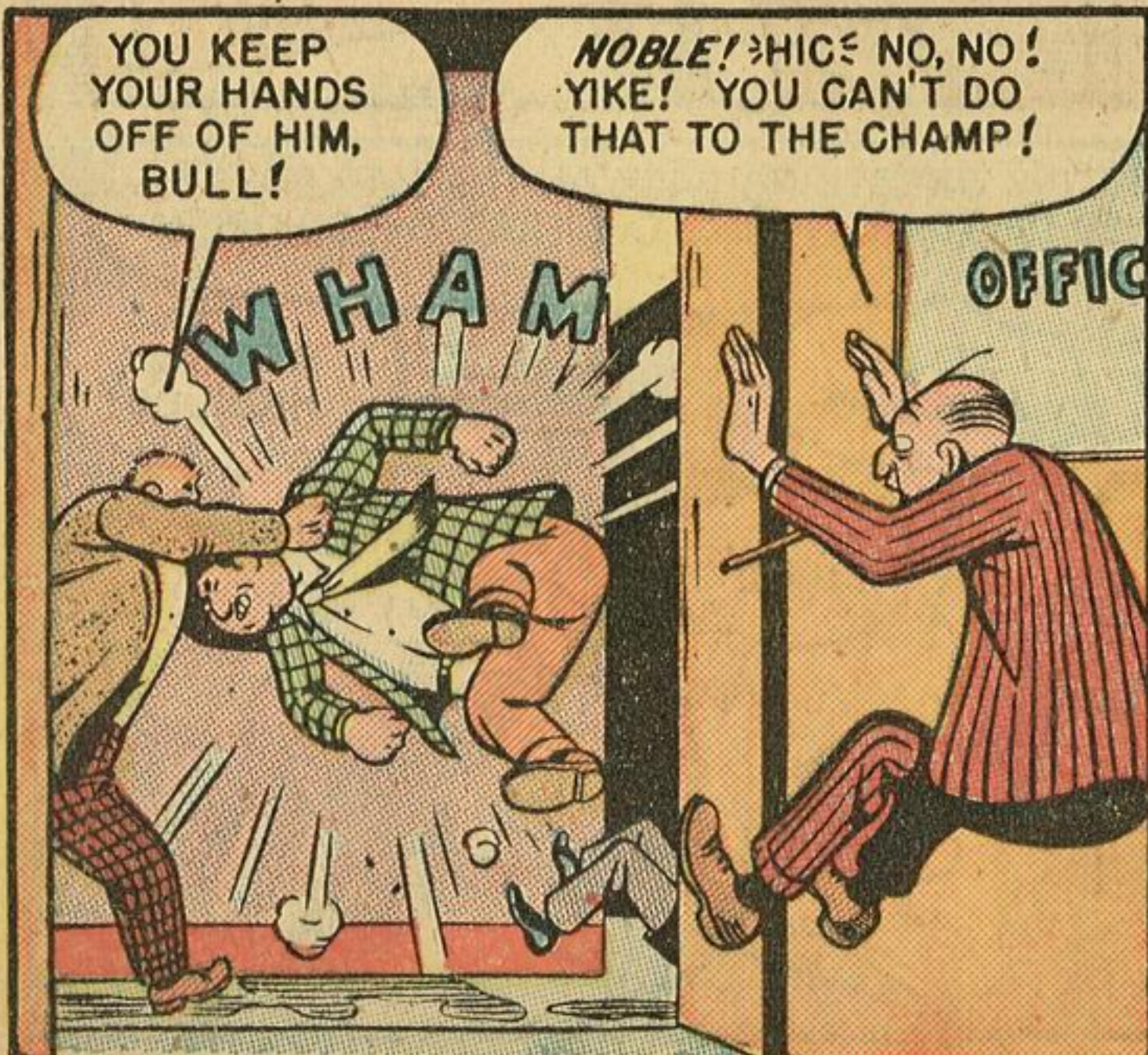
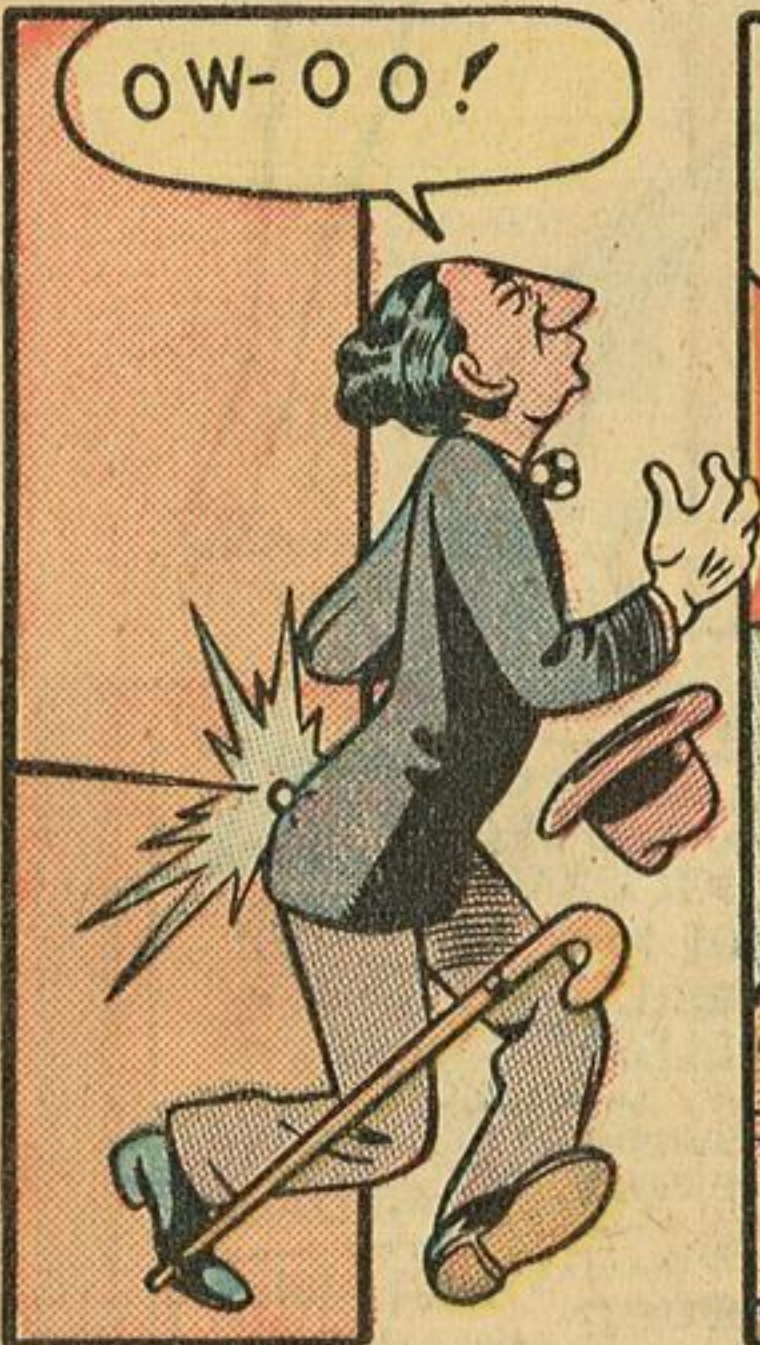
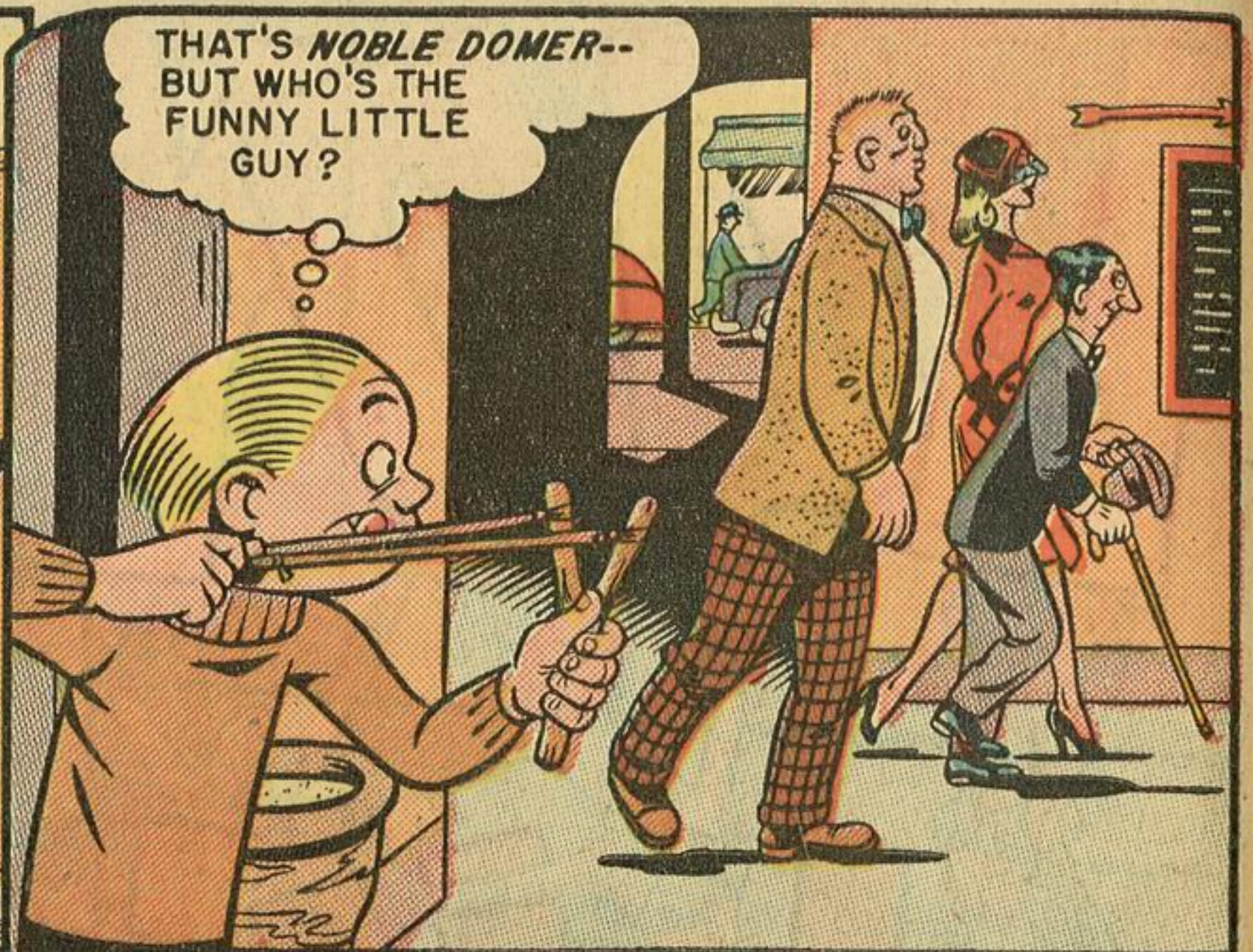




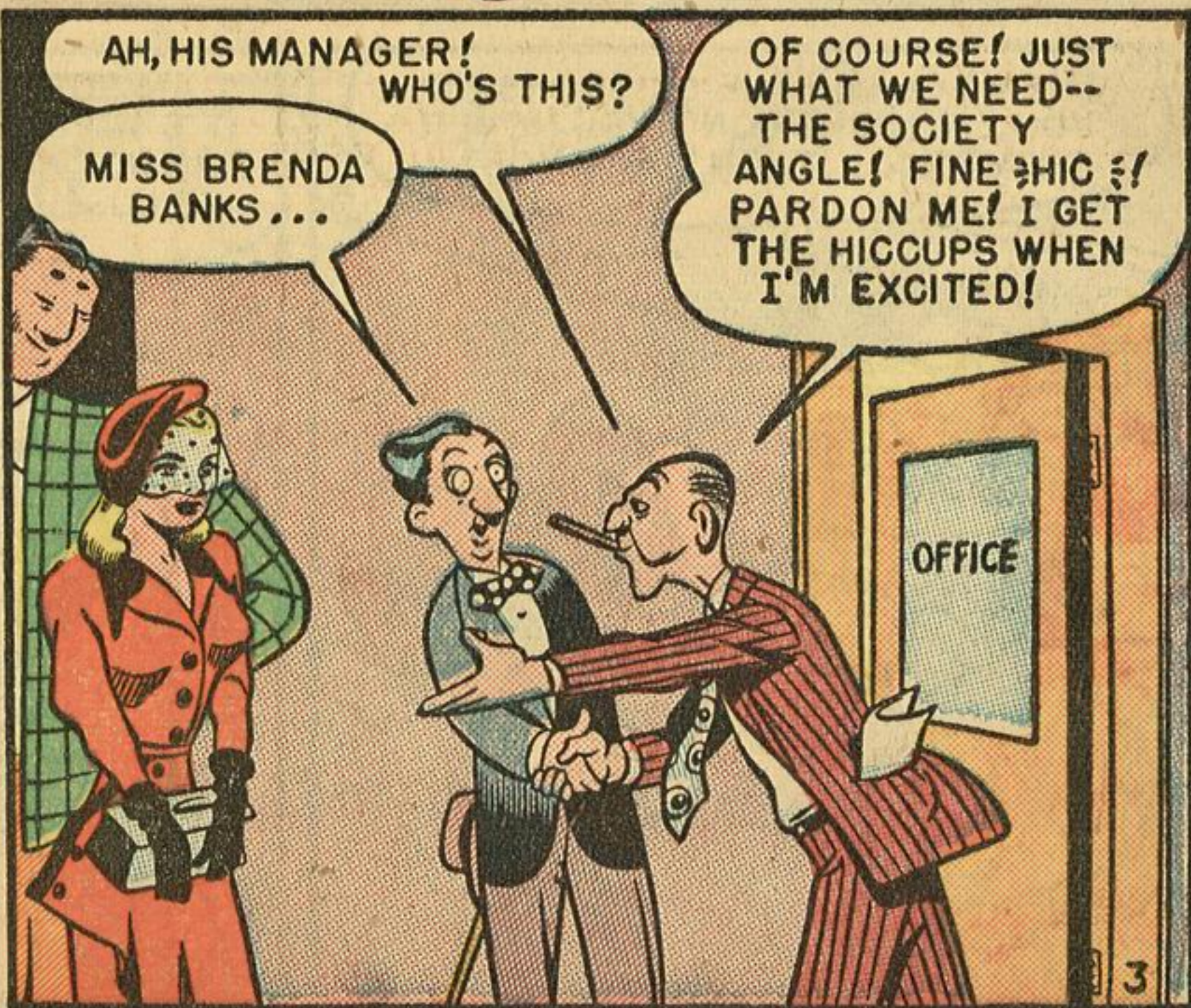
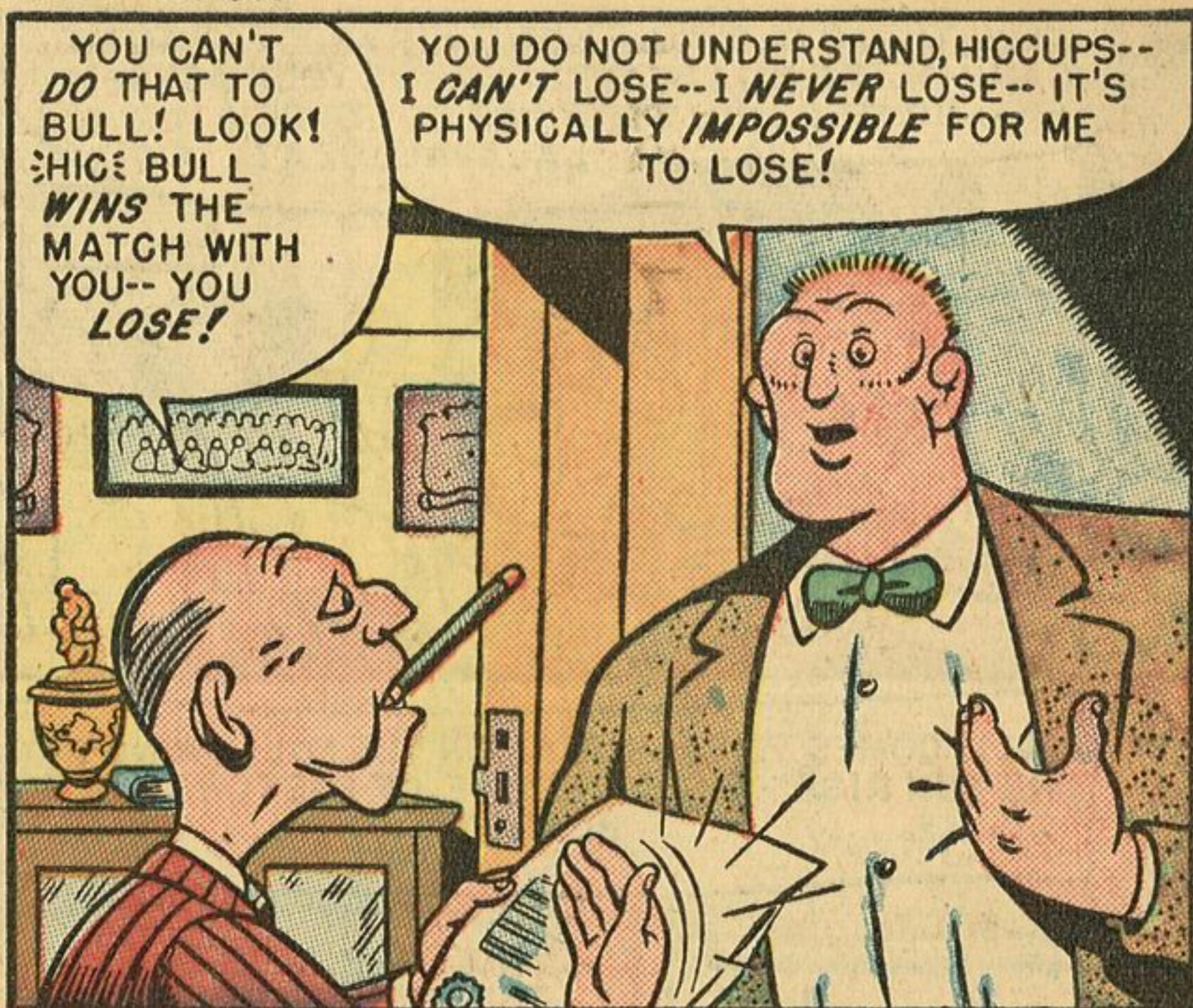
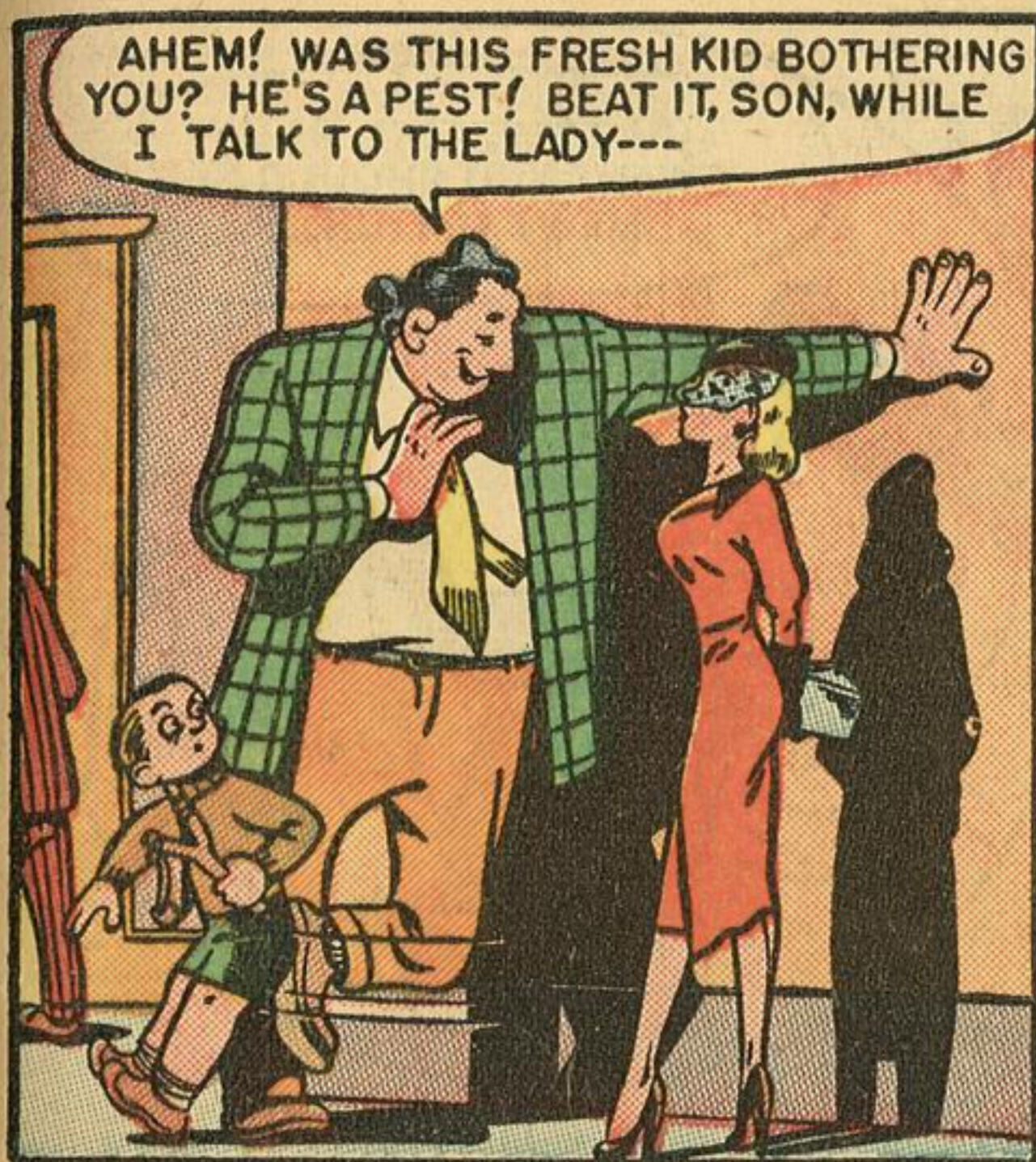
I'M THE BEST DARN RASSLER IN THE WOILD! I AM BULL BELLO! I AM A CHAMP, I AM!



LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK



WELL, THAT'S IT, BOYS-- NOW EVERYBODY UP TO MY CAMP IN THE HILLS TO REHEARSE YOUR ACTS-- ER-- BOUTS! THIS SHOW HAS GOTTA BE A LALAPALOOZA!

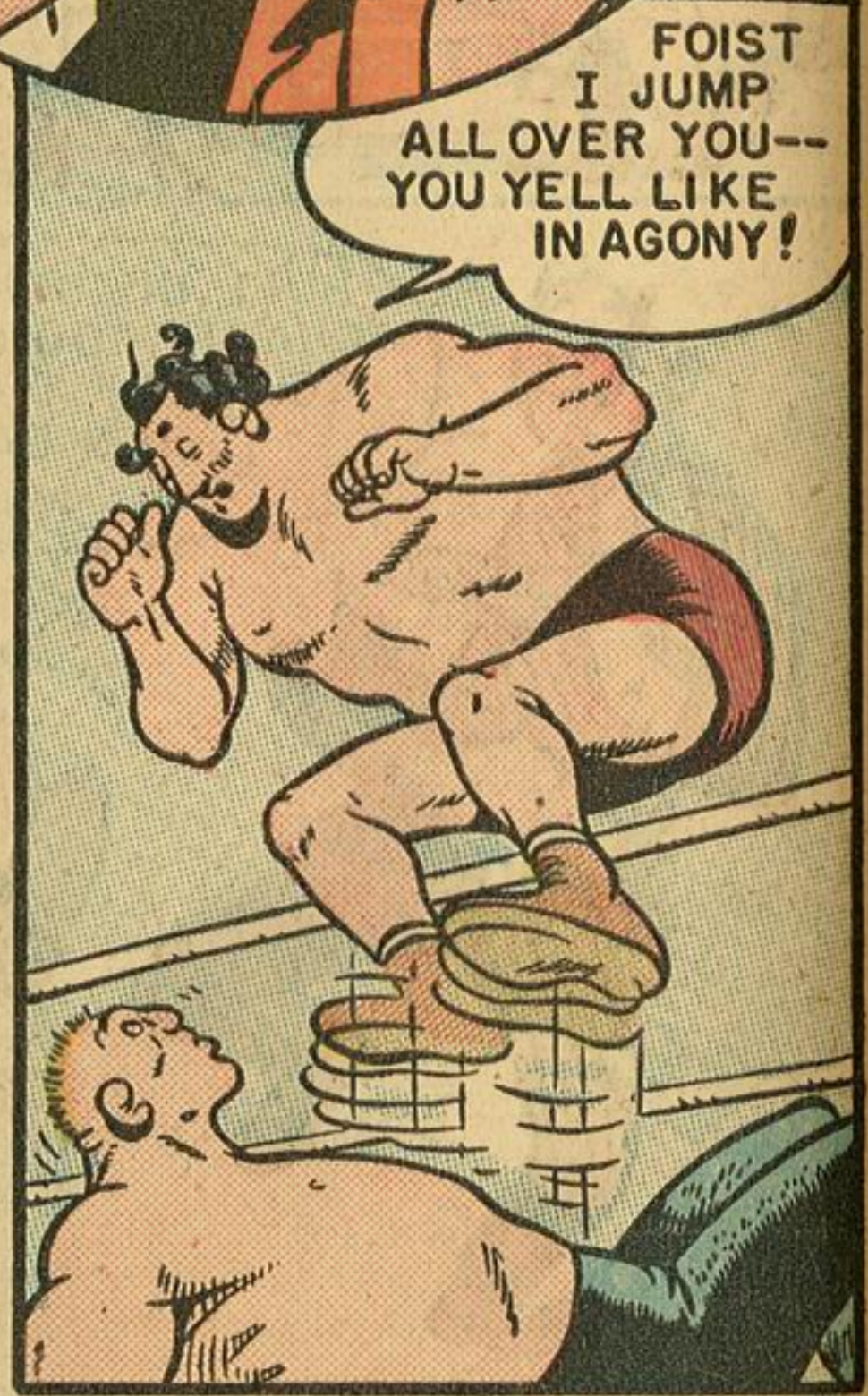
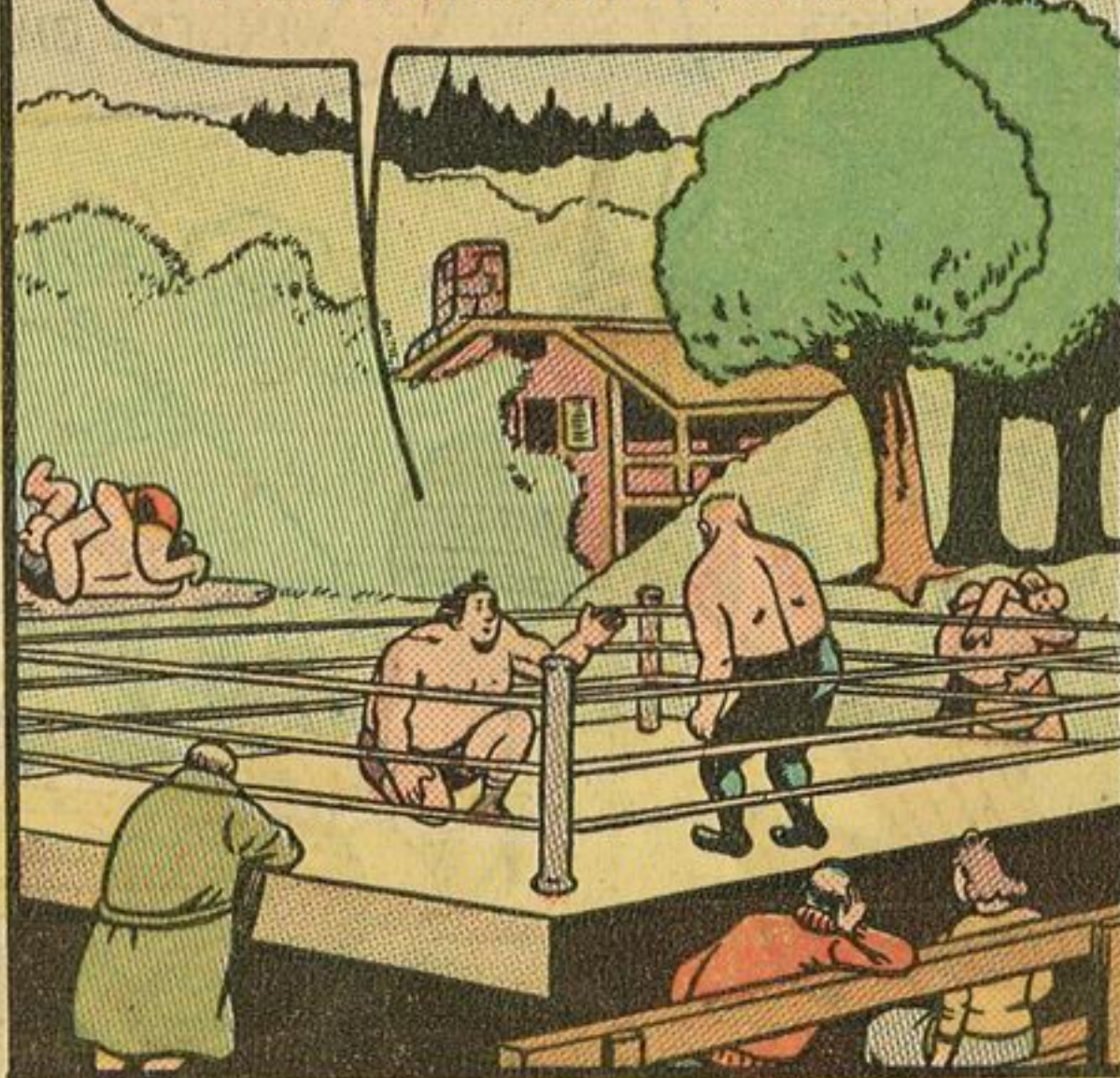


YOU COME TOO, BABY-- I WANT YOU SHOULD SEE ME IN ACTION...

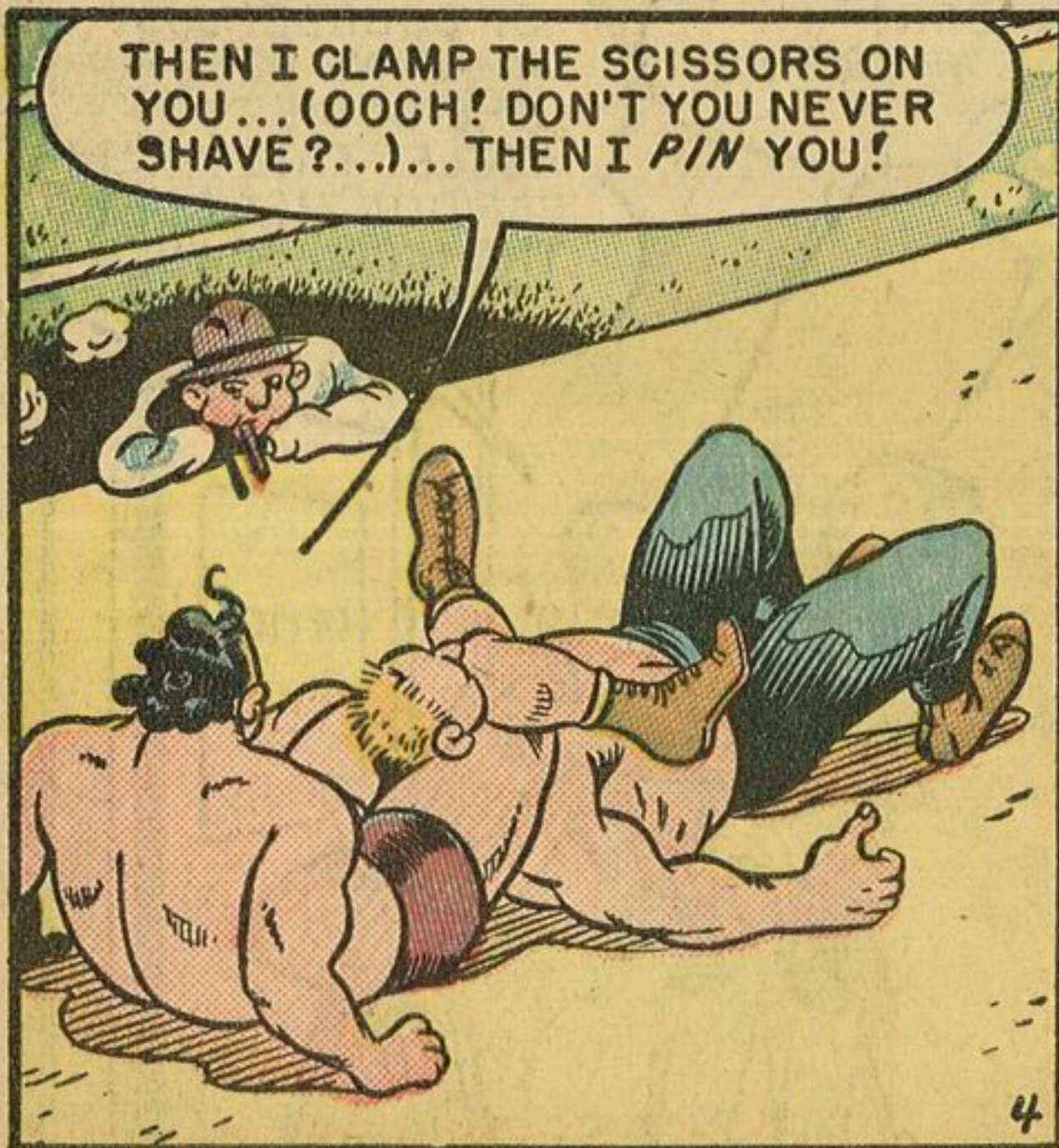
AND IT COMES TO PASS THAT, ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE SUN RISES OVER A SCENE OF PASTORAL BEAUTY...



NO, LOOK, NOBLE-- GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD-- *I'M* THE CHAMP! THE ACT'S NO GOOD UNLESS *I* COME OUT ON TOP! I WILL DEMONSTRATE...



FOIST I JUMP ALL OVER YOU-- YOU YELL LIKE IN AGONY!



THEN I CLAMP THE SCISSORS ON YOU... (OOCH! DON'T YOU NEVER SHAVE?...)... THEN I *PIN* YOU!



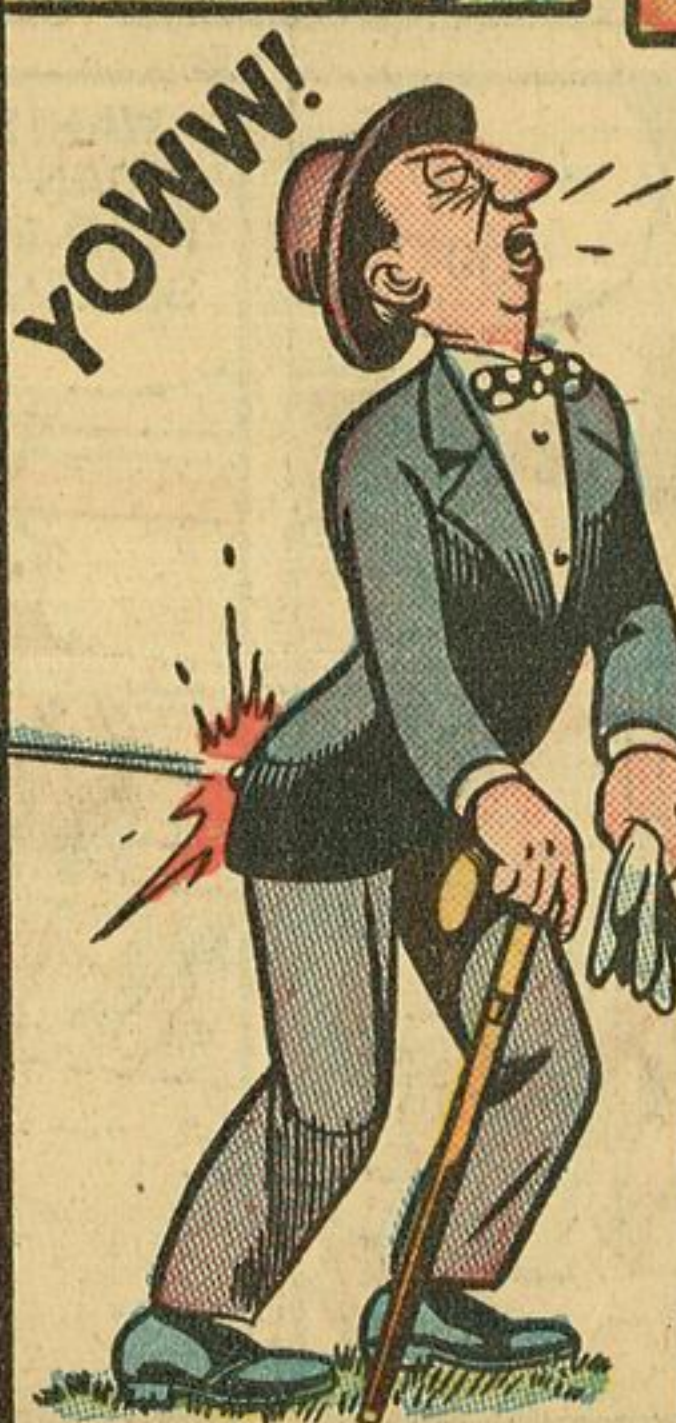
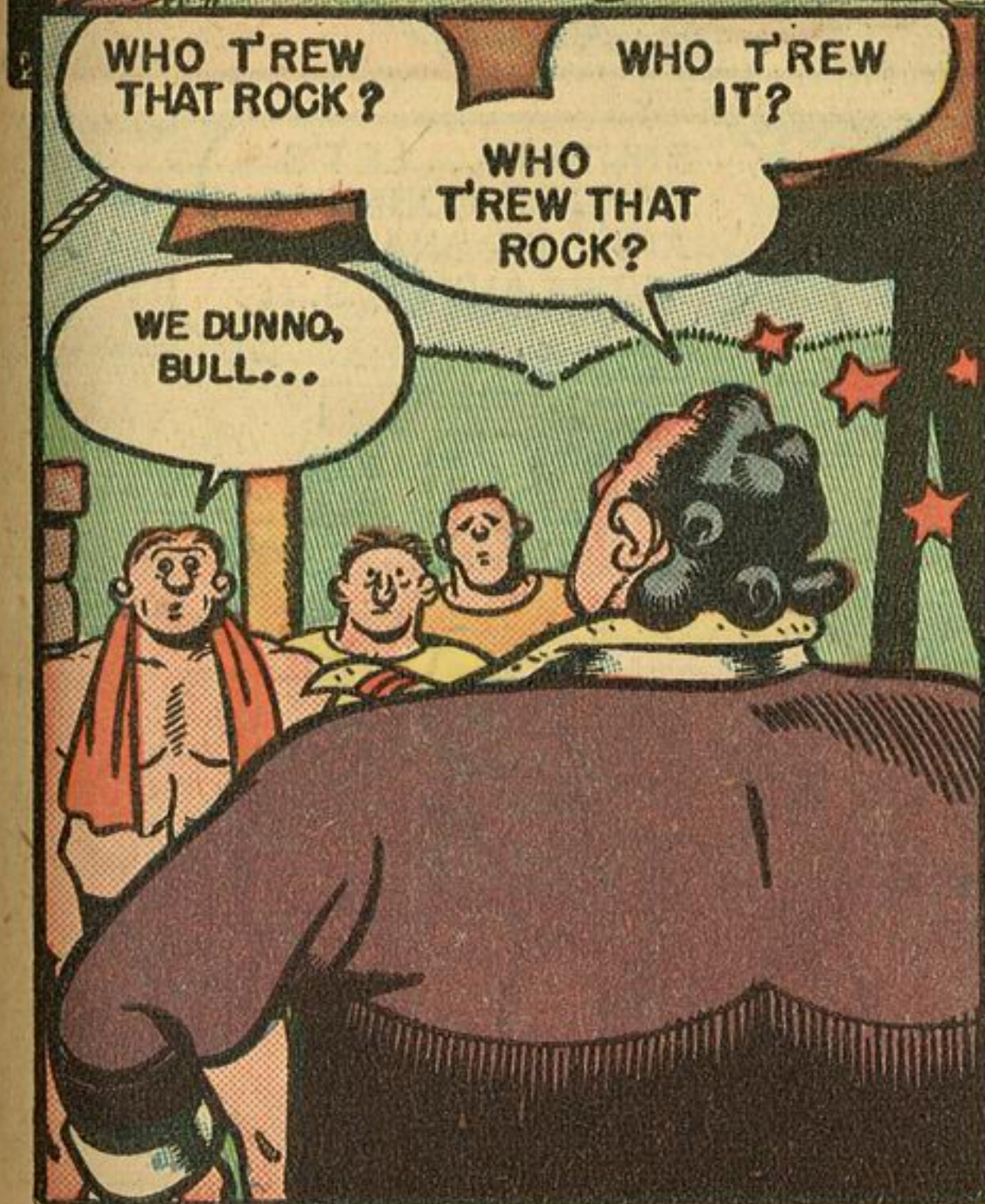
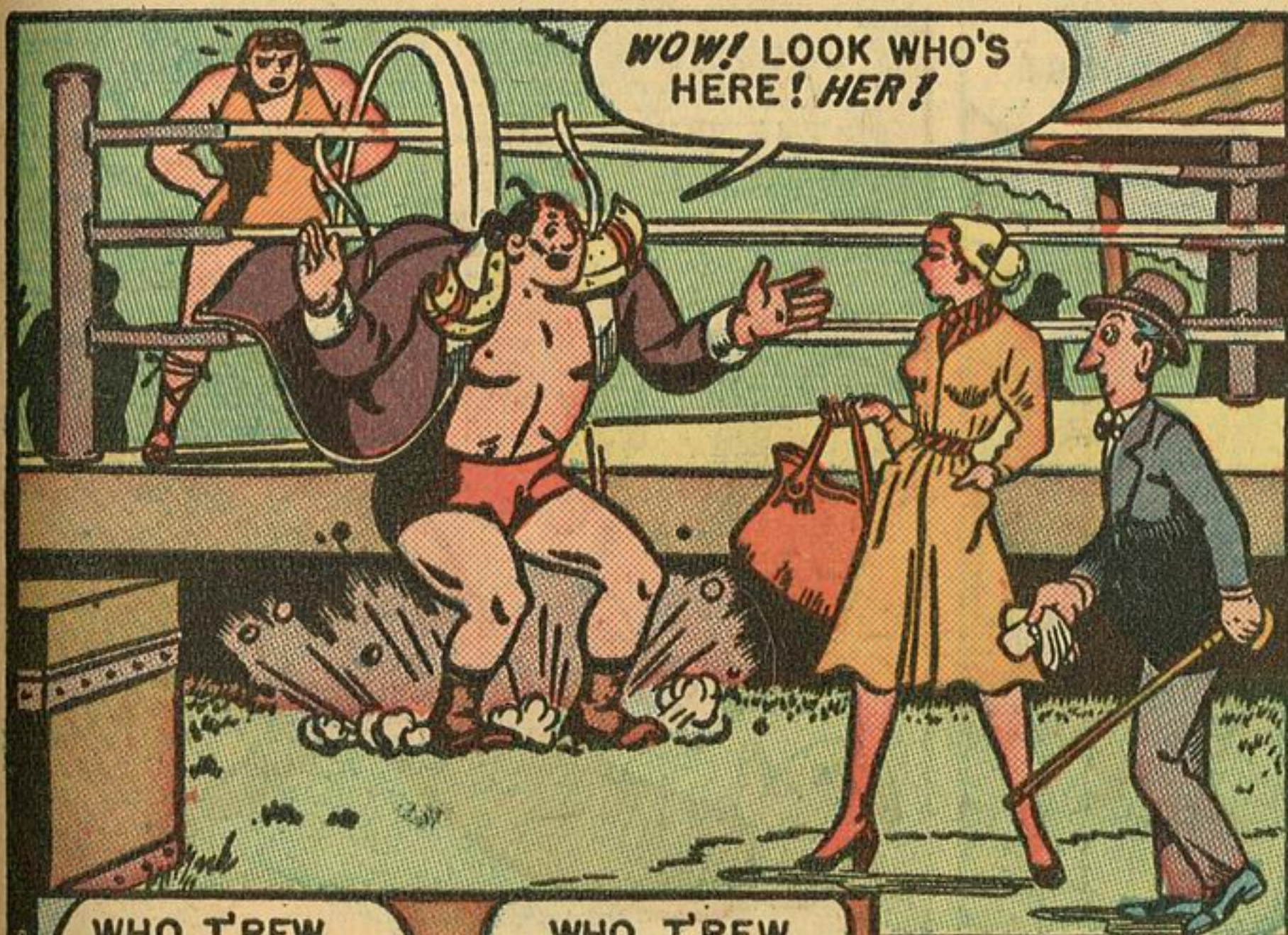
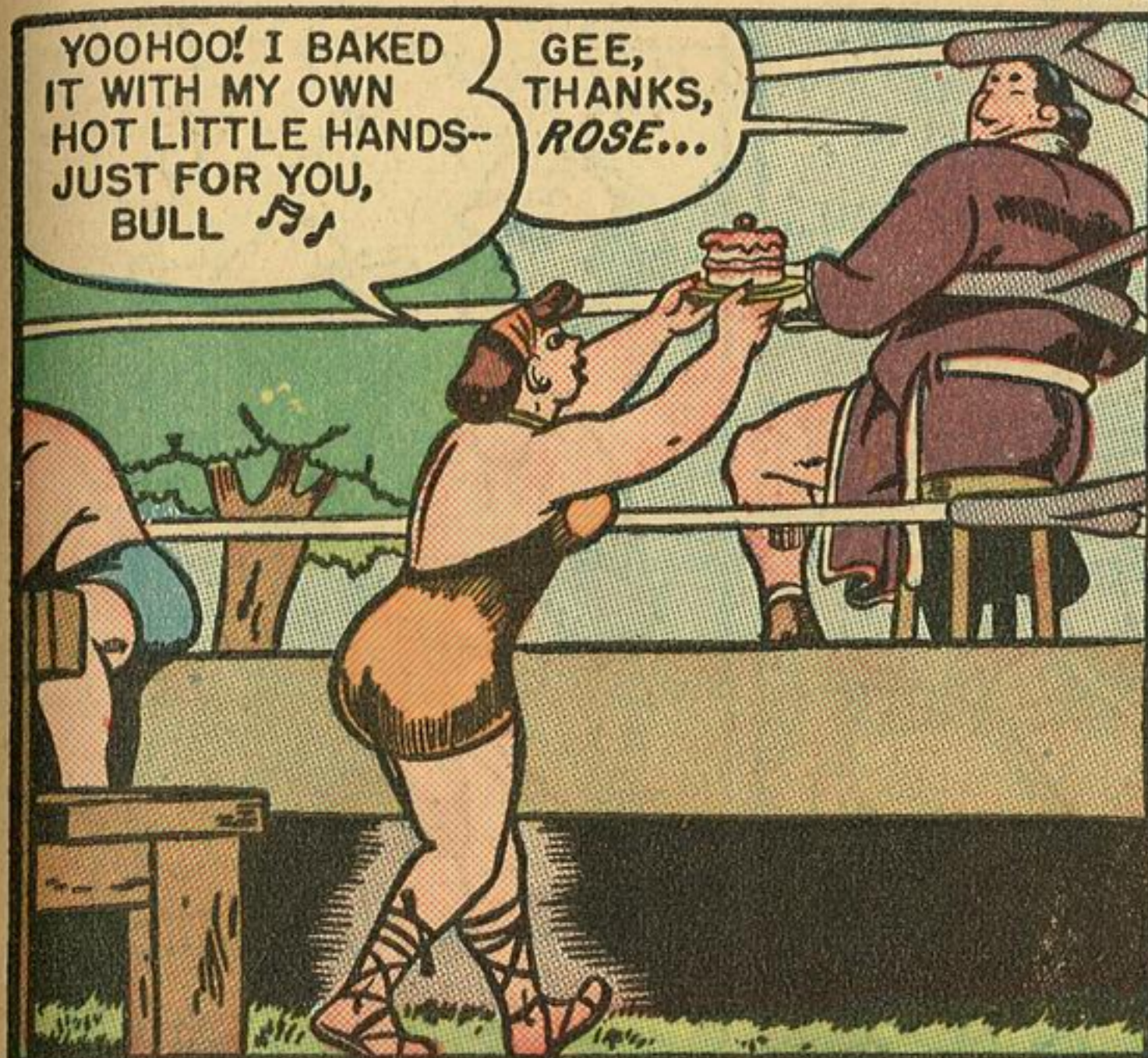
I AM SORRY... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... I AM NOT ABLE TO LOSE!



OH, FOR--! SOMEBODY TALK TO THIS GUY!

UHHH! WHAT WE GONNA DO WITH THIS BLOCKHEAD? TIME OUT!

LADY LUCK



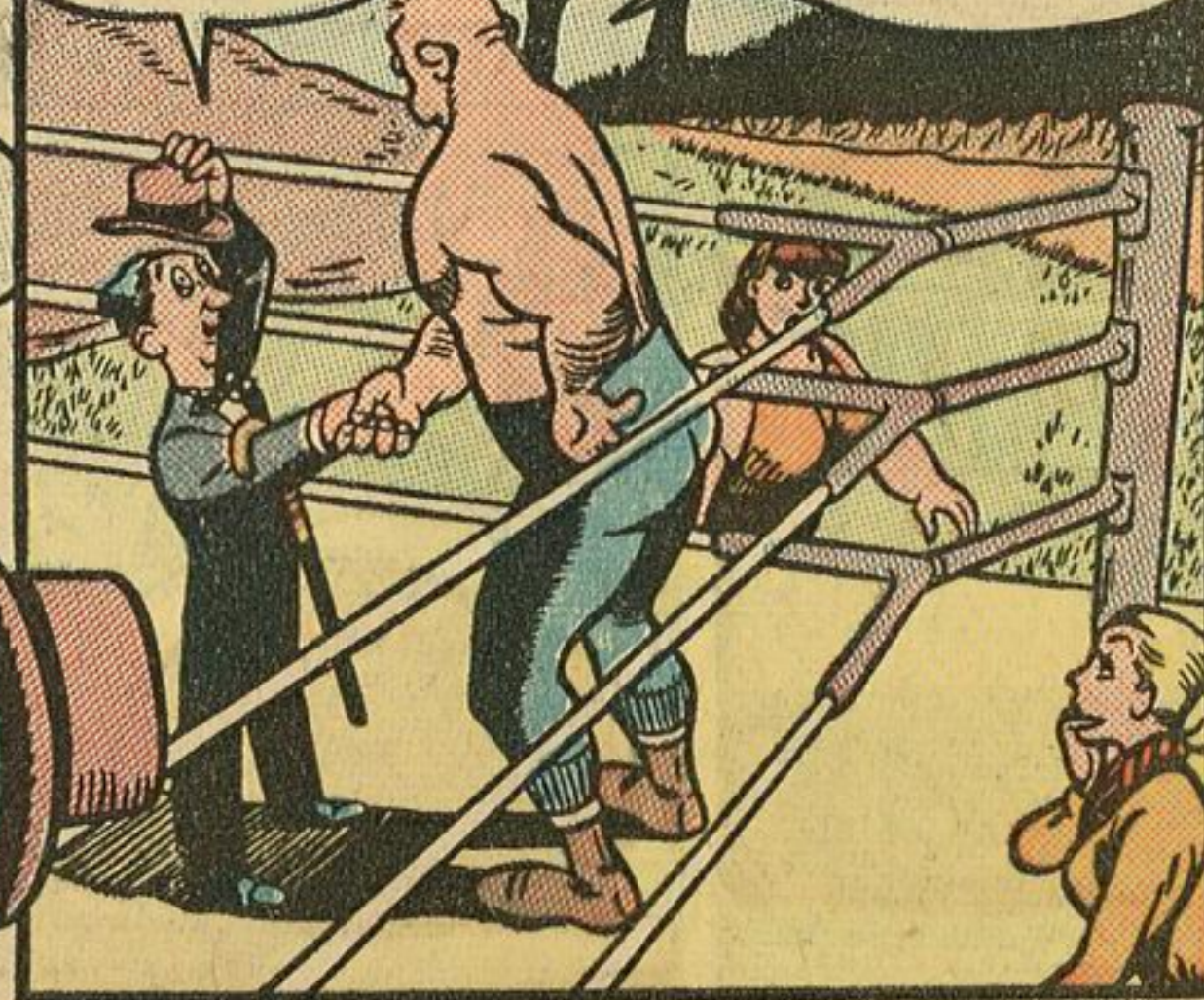
LADY LUCK

LOOK, COUNT--
NOBLE'S IN YOUR
STABLE, RIGHT?
OKAY... TALK TO
THE GUY, WILL YA
PLEASE?

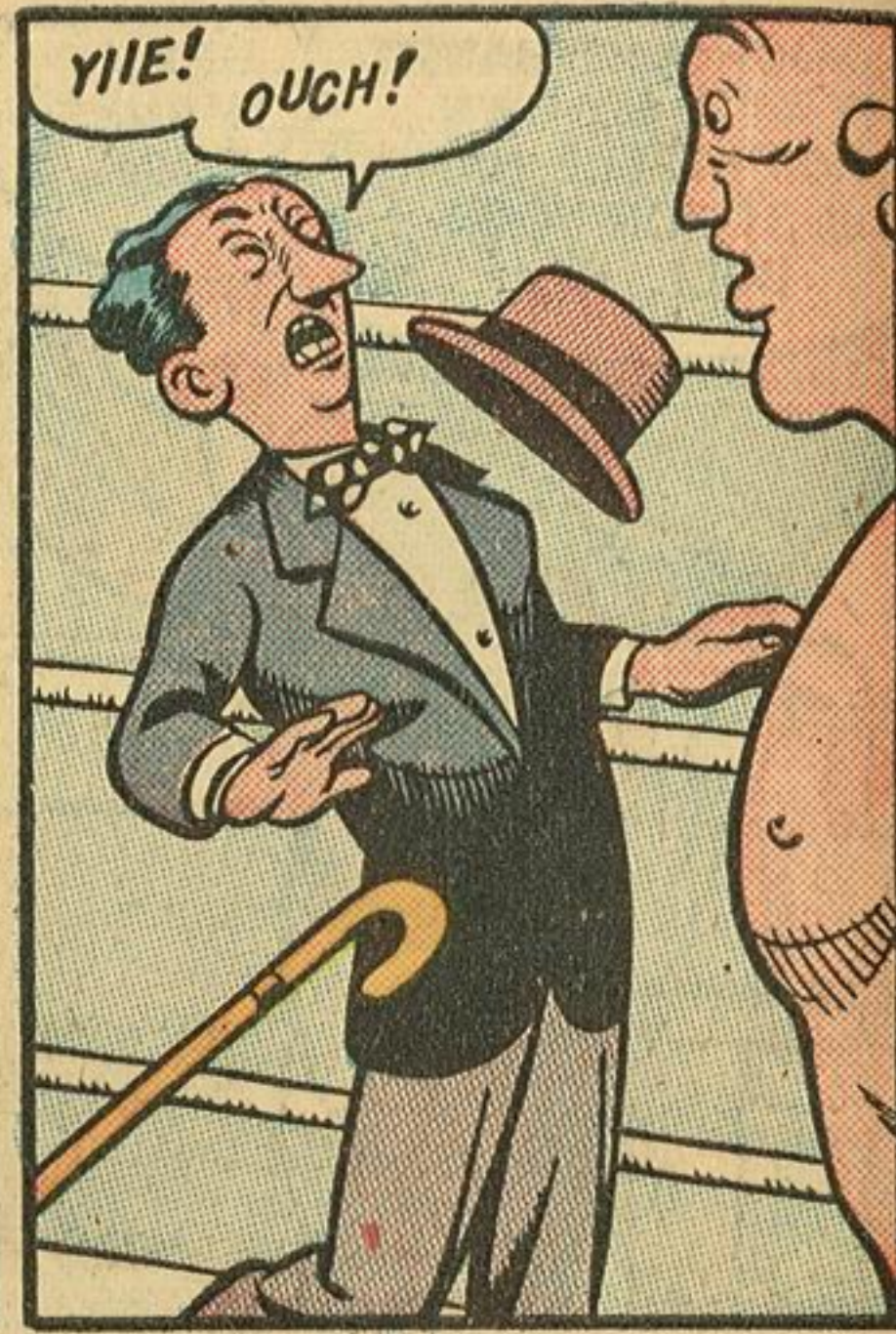


OKAY...

WE ARE TO TALK!
AHEM... WE ARE
HAVING CHARMING
WEATHER,
IS IT NOT?



FINE, THANK
YOU! WE
COULD USE
A LITTLE
RAIN, THOUGH...



YIE! OUCH!



AI, MY LEG!
AFIRE IT IS!

BY GOLLY, IT LOOKS
LIKE A SNAKE-BITE!
CALL THE
DOCTOR!

COMING!



LOOKS LIKE TWO FANG MARKS ALL
RIGHT-- AND THERE'S VENOM IN
THE WOUND!



A SNAKE!

YIKE!

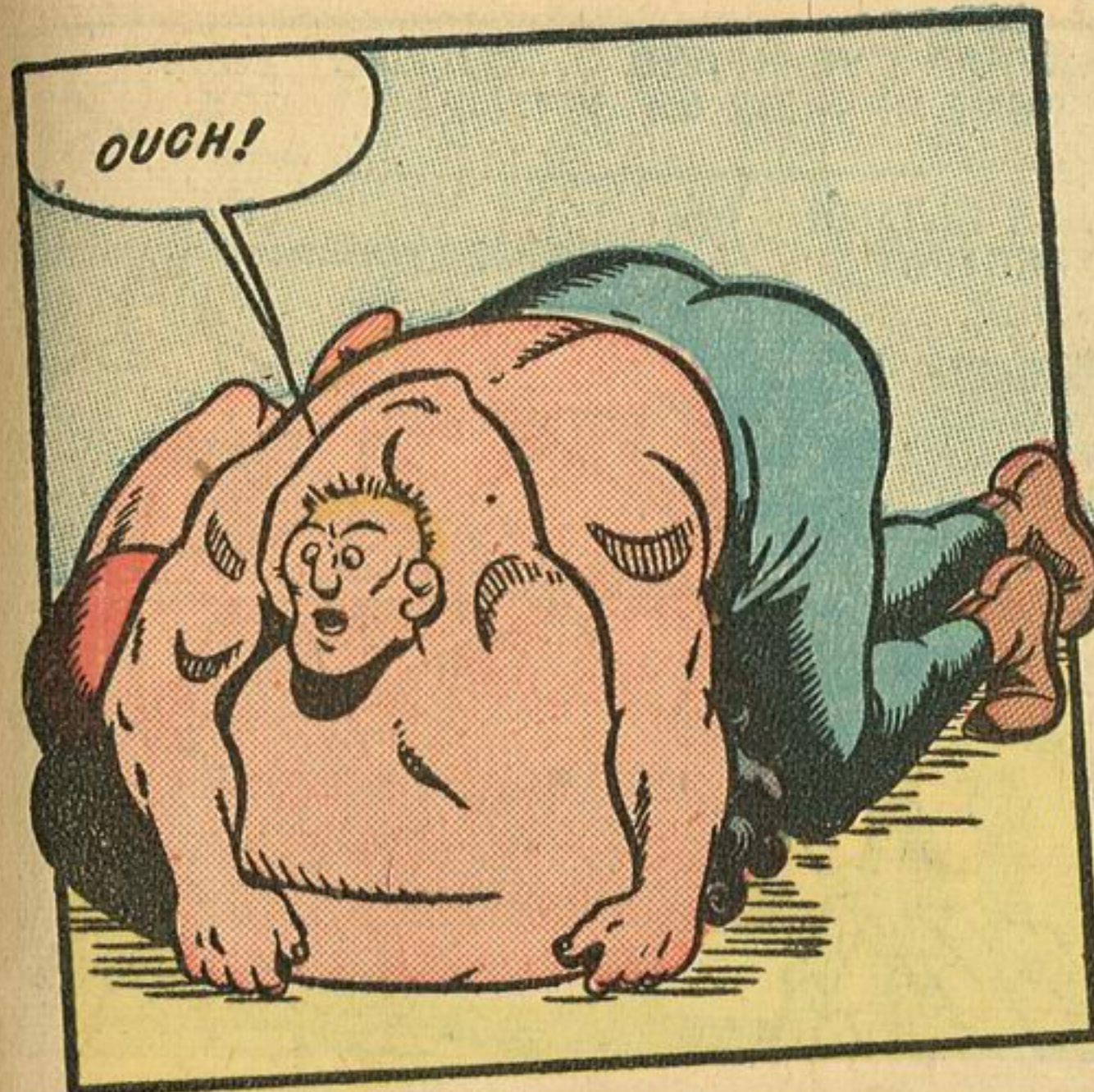
LOOK
OUT!



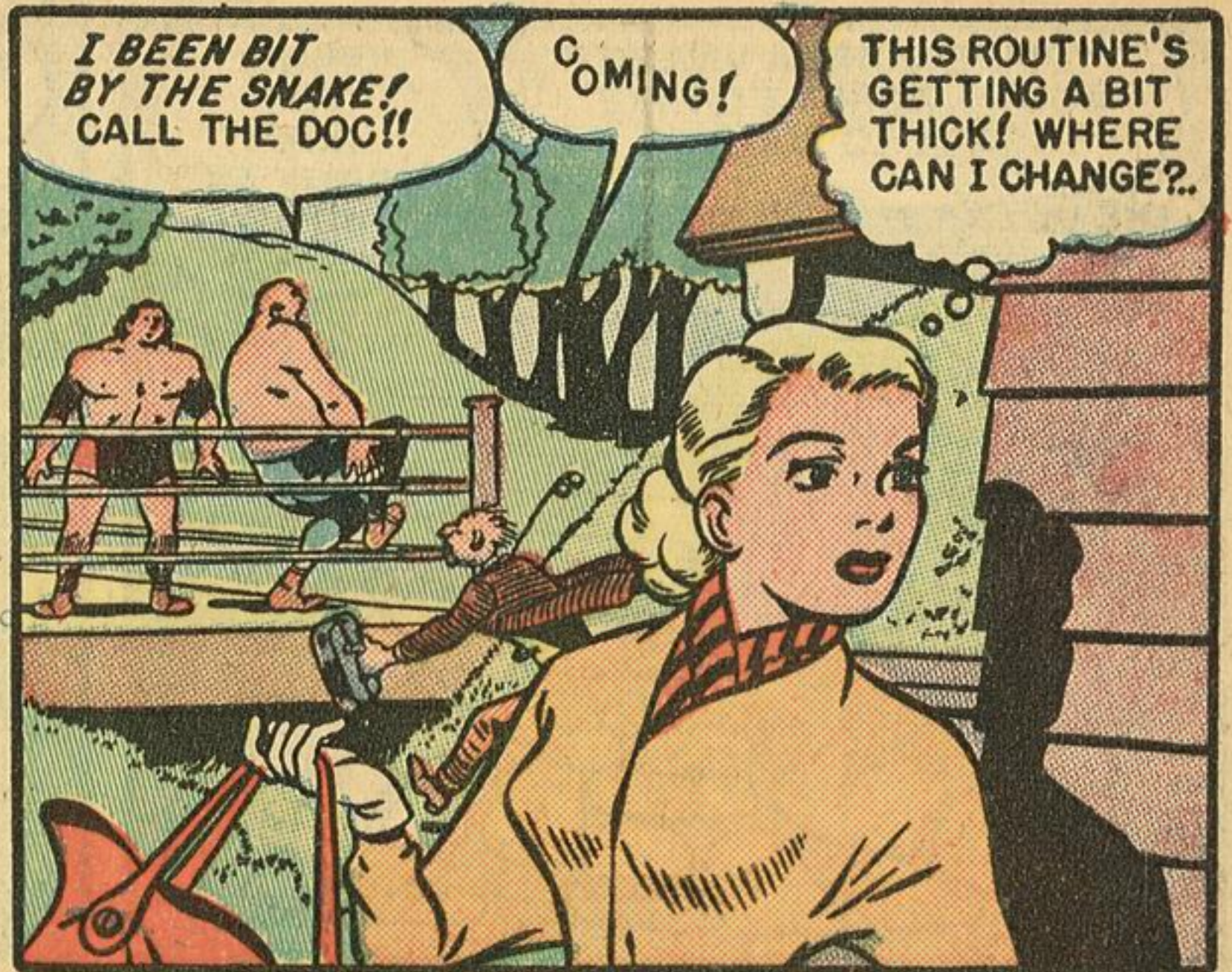
WAH!!
I CAN'T
FIND MY
SLINGSHOT!

SHUT UP!... LET'S
REHOISE, NOBLE--
AIN'T NO SNAKE UP
HERE, ANYWAYS...

LADY LUCK



OUCH!



I BEEN BIT BY THE SNAKE! CALL THE DOG!!

COMING!

THIS ROUTINE'S GETTING A BIT THICK! WHERE CAN I CHANGE?..



I THINK LADY LUCK MIGHT DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING...



WHAT HAVE WE HERE? SOMEBODY'S SNAKE COLLECTION!...HMM! ALL PRESENT AS FAR AS I CAN SEE...



AND A BOX OF STAPLES... SAY! A *STAPLE* COULD LEAVE A MARK LIKE SNAKE FANGS! WELL, WELL...

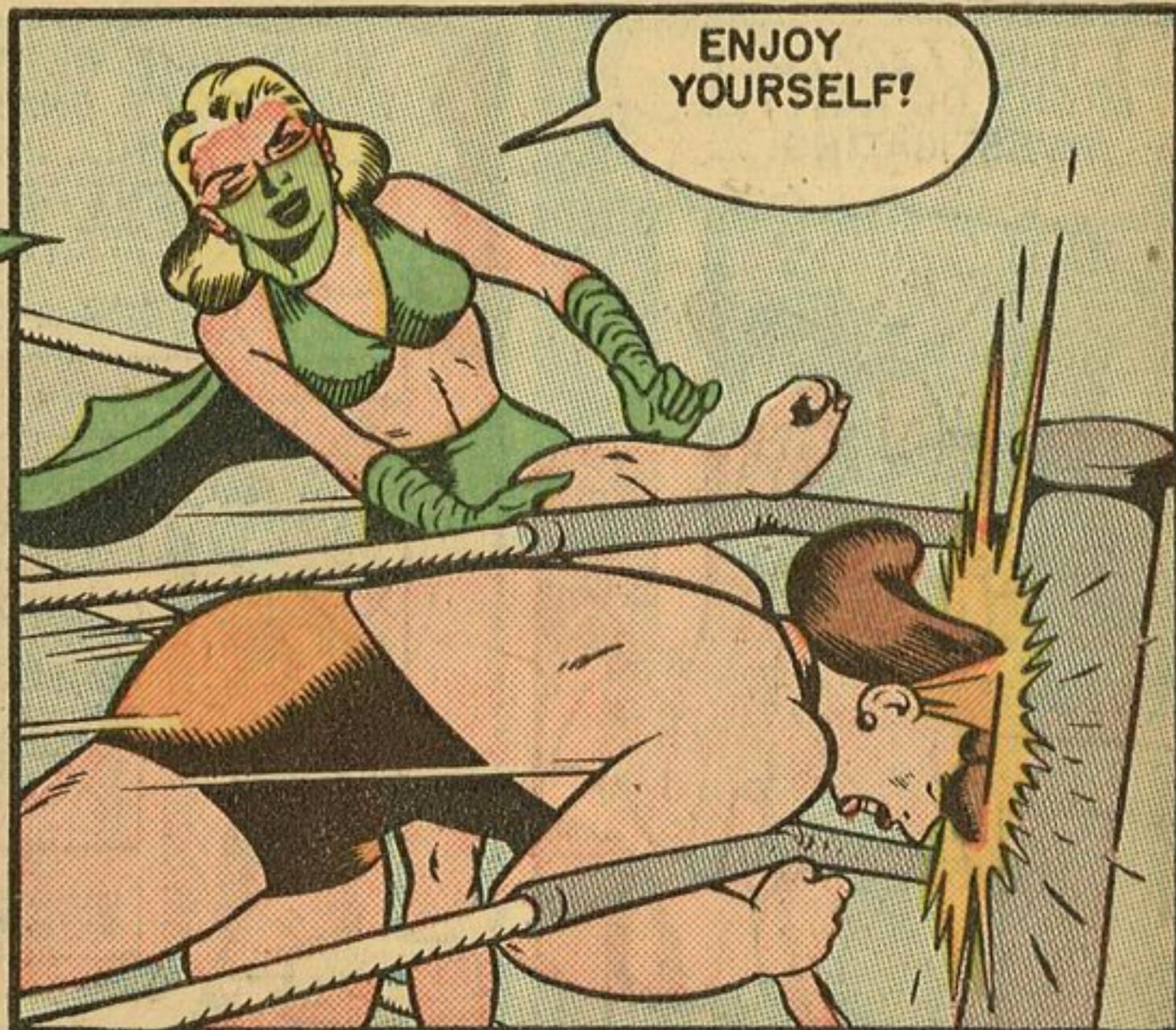
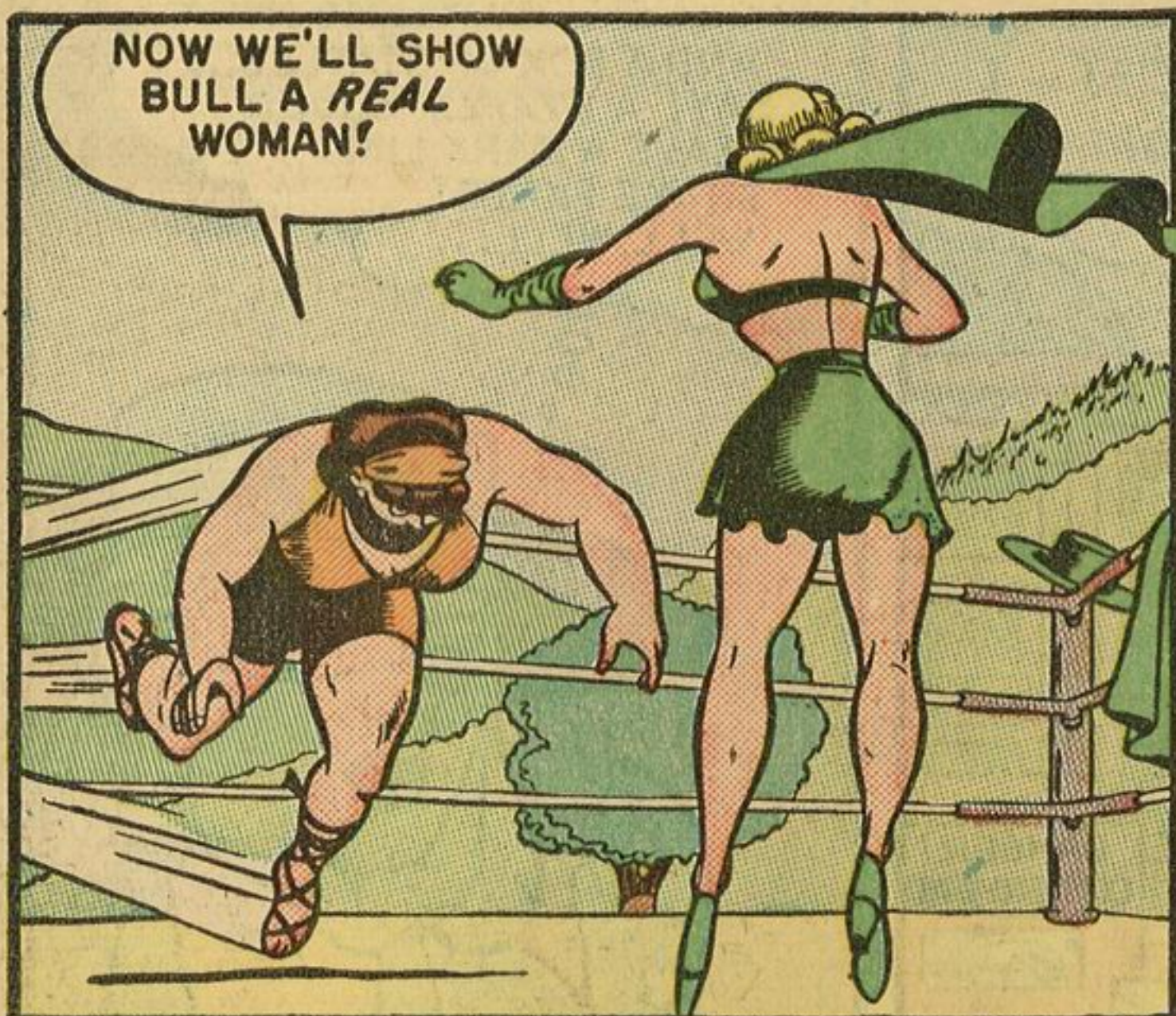


HUH? *WOW!* MY LUCKY DAY! ALL KINDS'A DOLLS AROUND TODAY!



OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU GOILS LEAVE BULL ALONE-- HE'S FOR ME! STRONG AND MASTERFUL-- THAT'S MY TYPE!

LADY LUCK

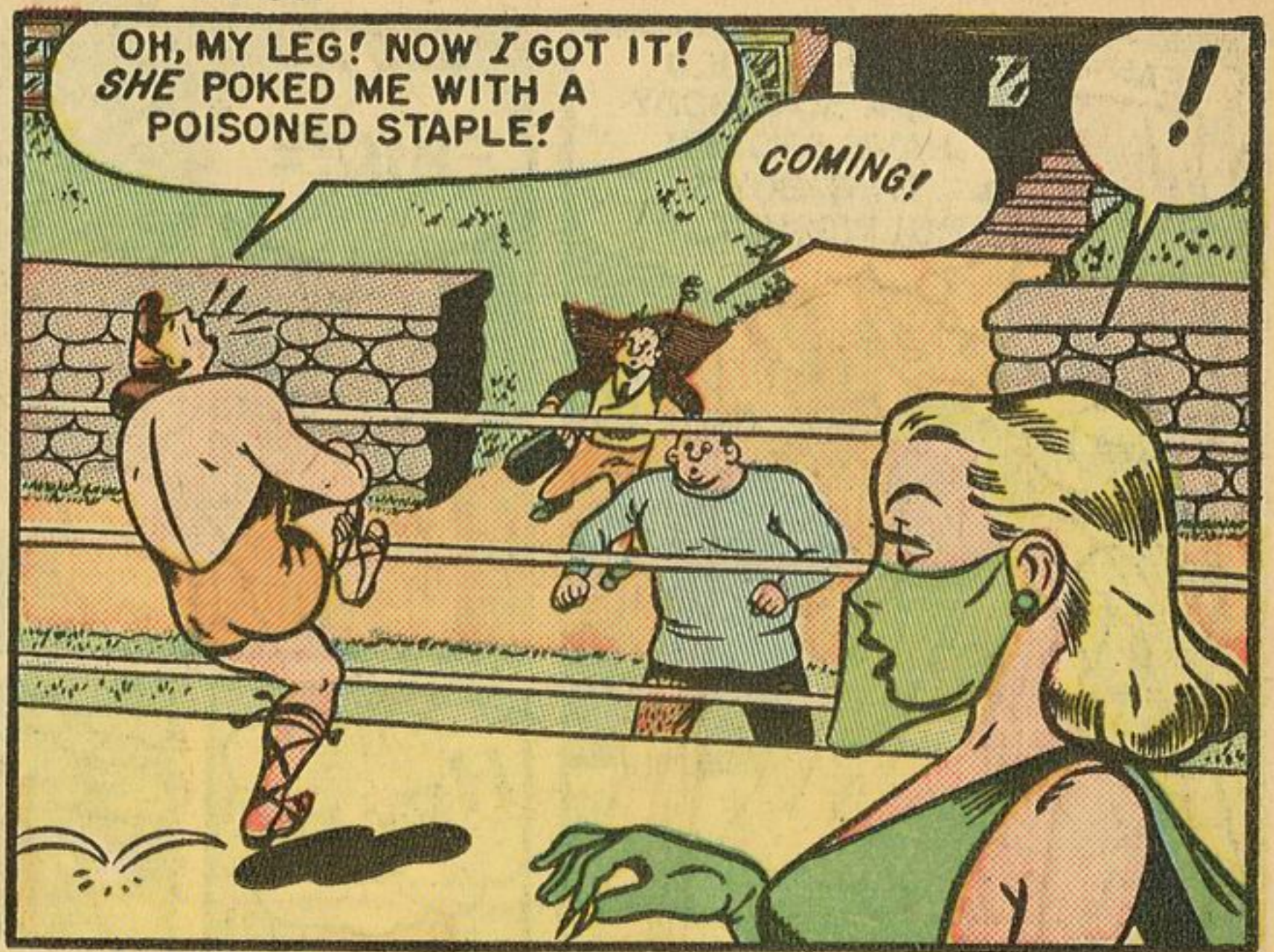


LADY LUCK



A *ROCK*? IS THAT ALL? HOW ABOUT A *STAPLE*... DIPPED IN *SNAKE VENOM*... WHICH COULD VERY EASILY PASS FOR AN ACTUAL SNAKE-BITE?

OW!!



OH, MY LEG! NOW I GOT IT! SHE POKED ME WITH A POISONED STAPLE!

COMING!



THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME NOW--I CAN'T REASON WITH THAT MOB!

I WANT MY SLING-SHOT!!

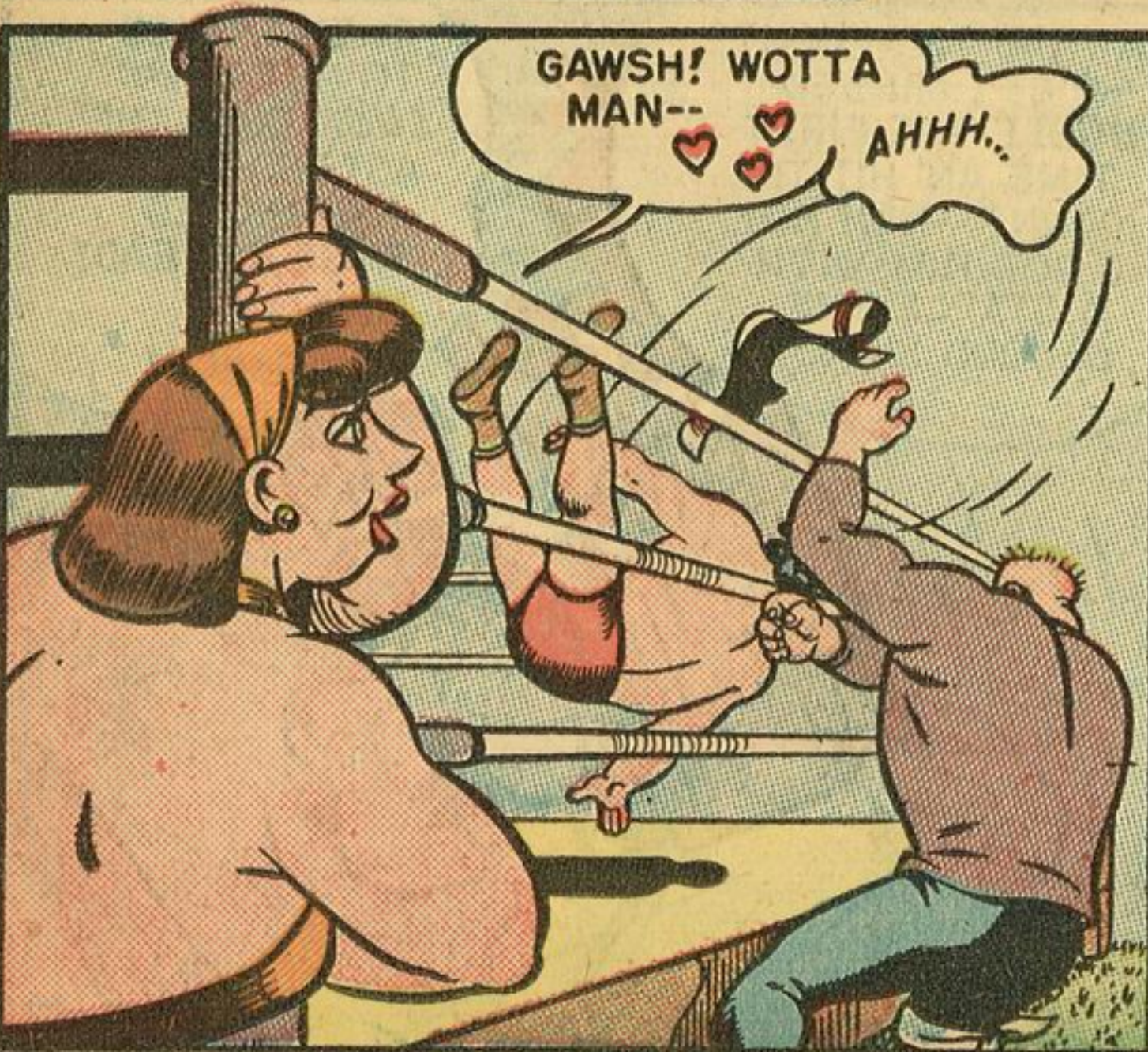


"SLINGSHOT!" THAT'S IT.. YOU CAN SHOOT A STAPLE WITH A SLINGSHOT!..



BULL, YOU SHOULDN'TA SCRATCHED ME WIT' A STAPLE!

I DIDN'T DO IT, NOBLE! N-NOW TAKE IT...EASY...



GAWSH! WOTTA MAN-- AHHH..

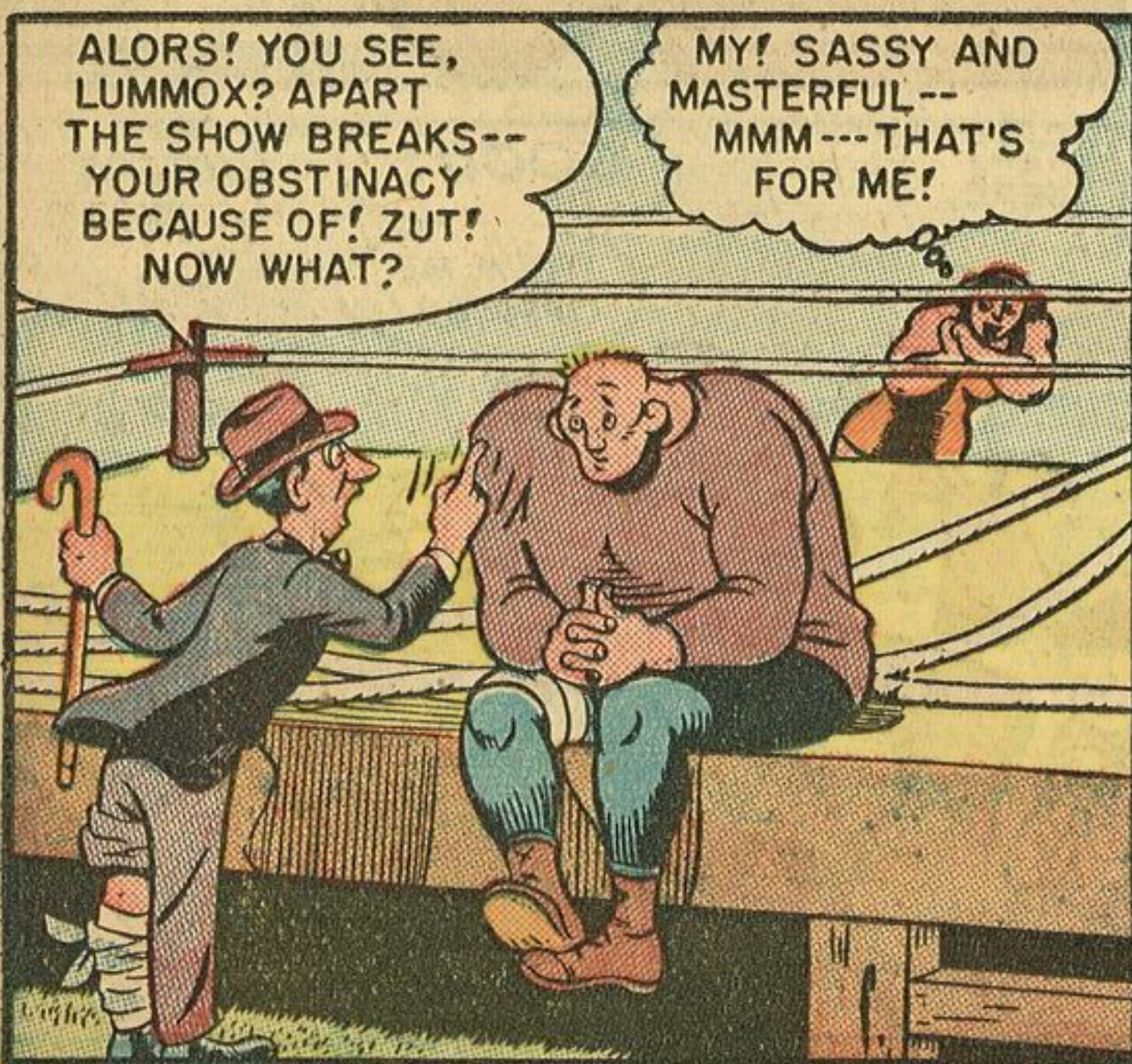
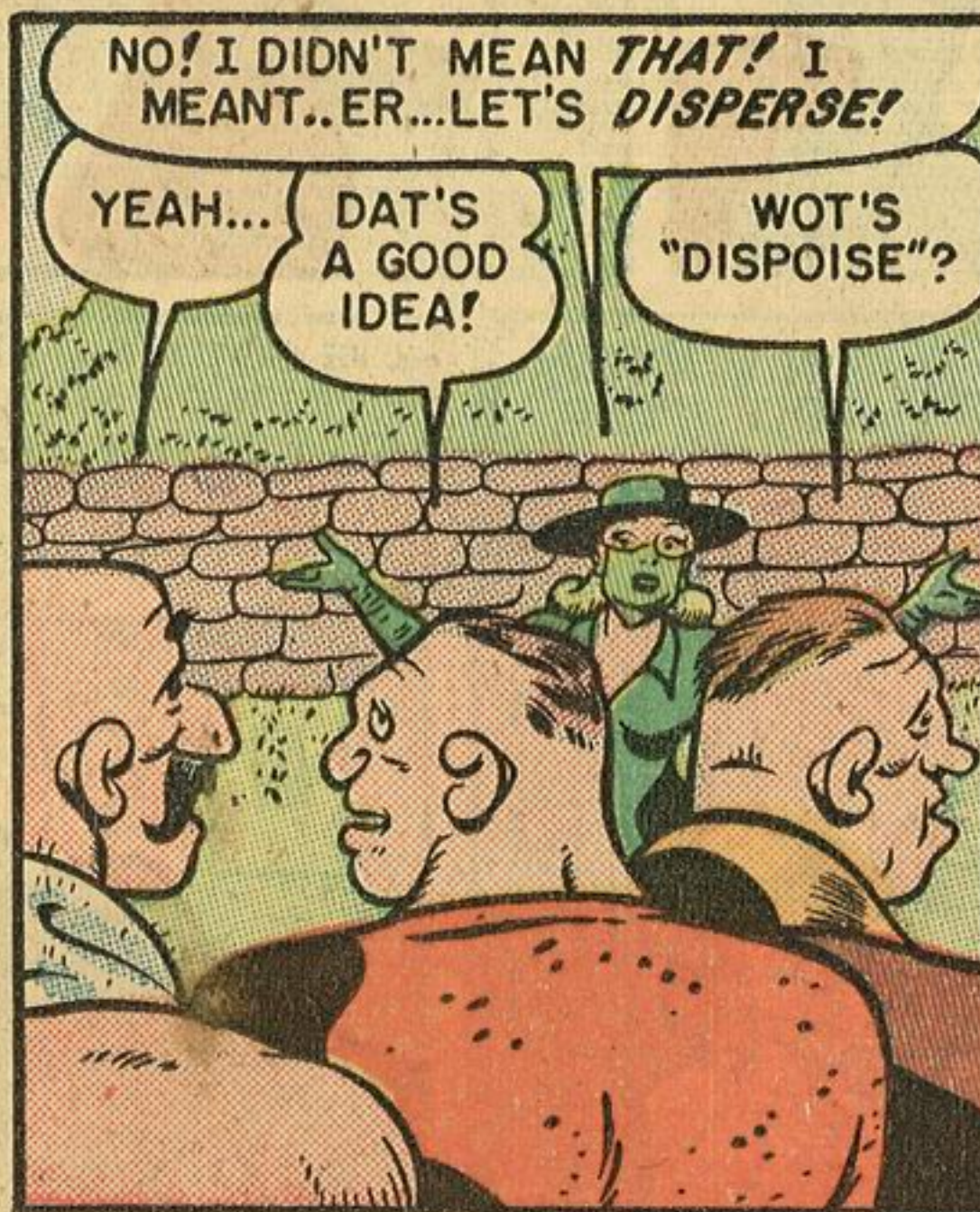
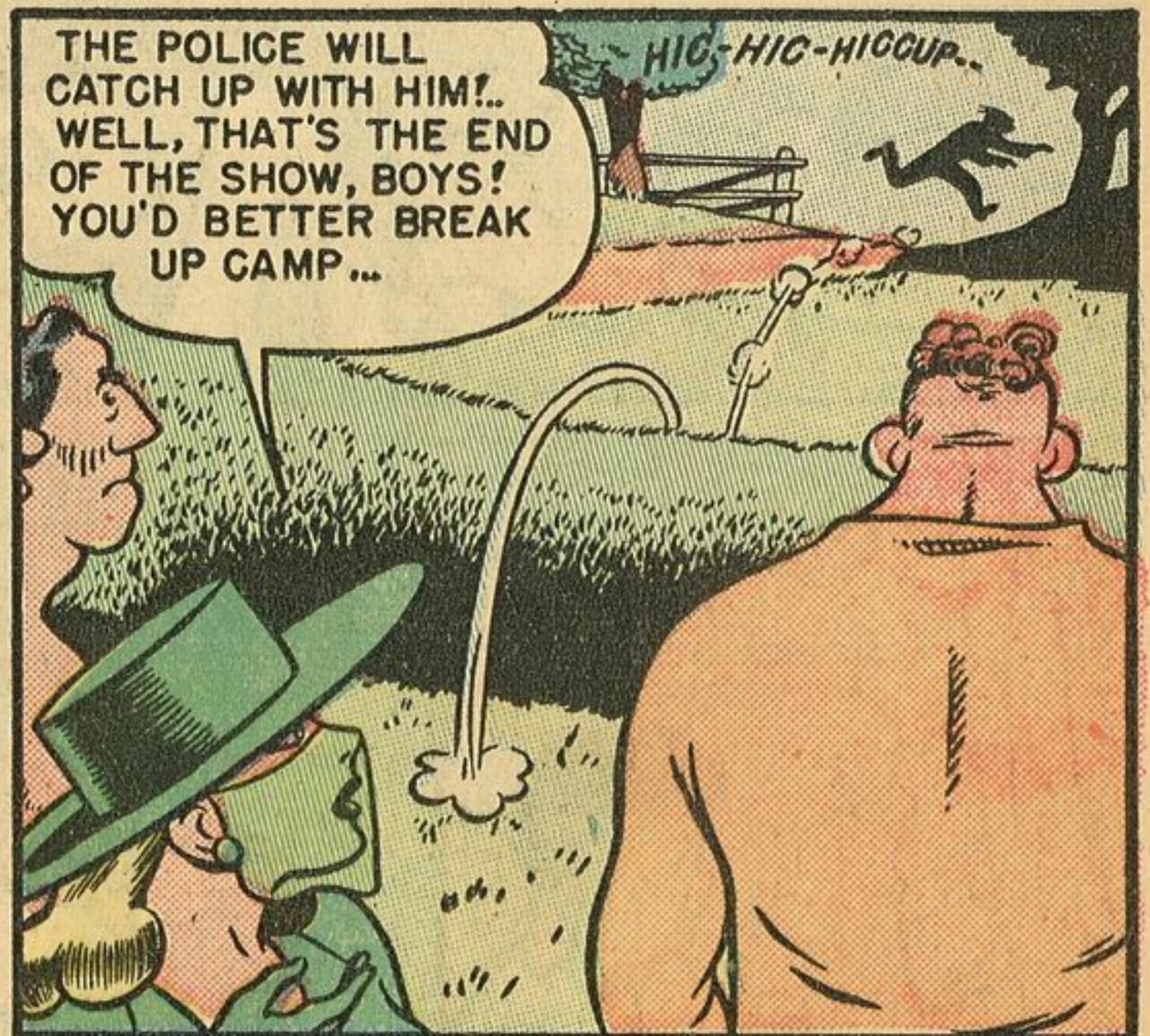
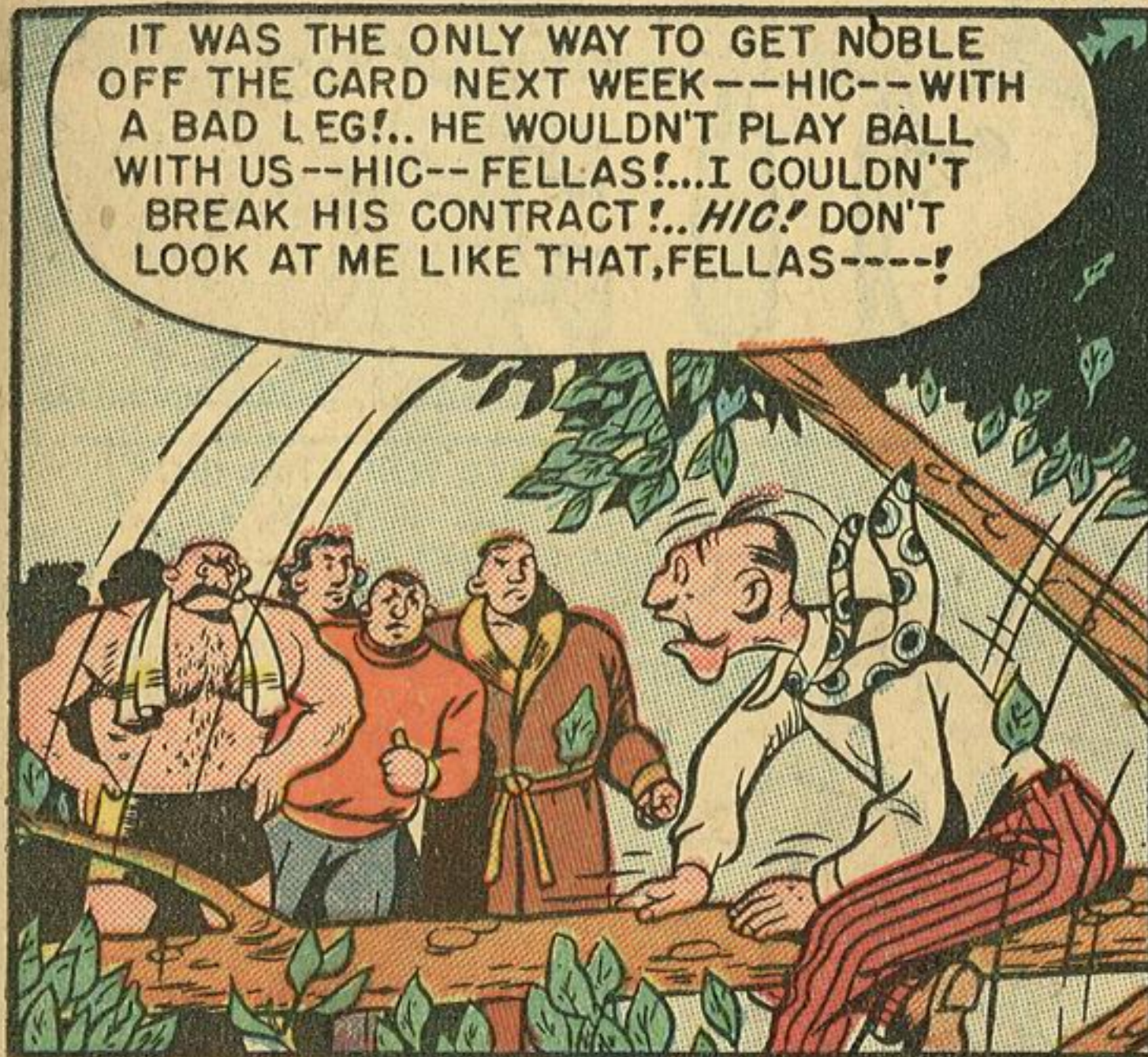


DON'T YOU SPEAK TO ME, BULL! I ONLY GO FOR STRONG HE-MEN!

LADY LUCK



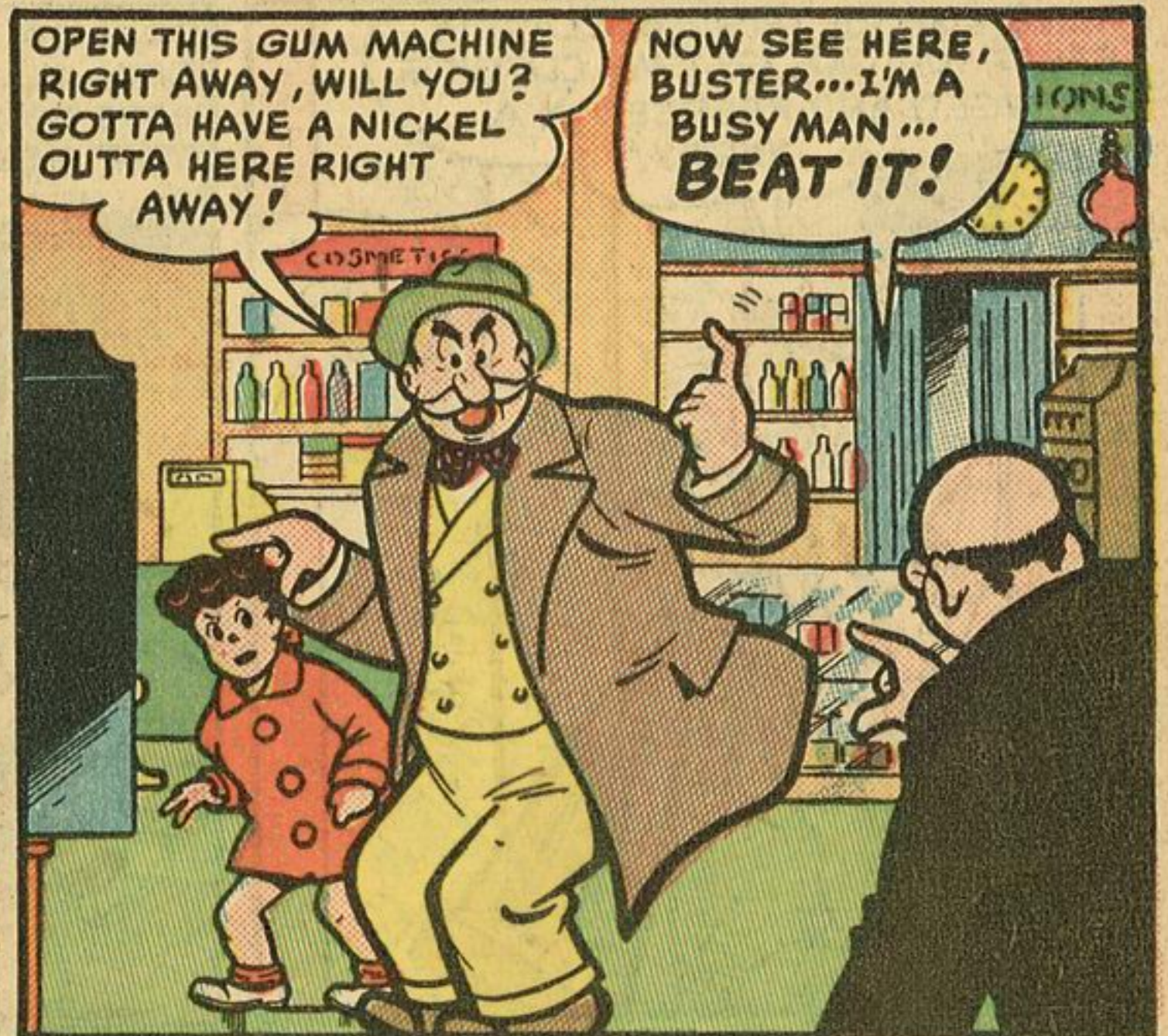
LADY LUCK



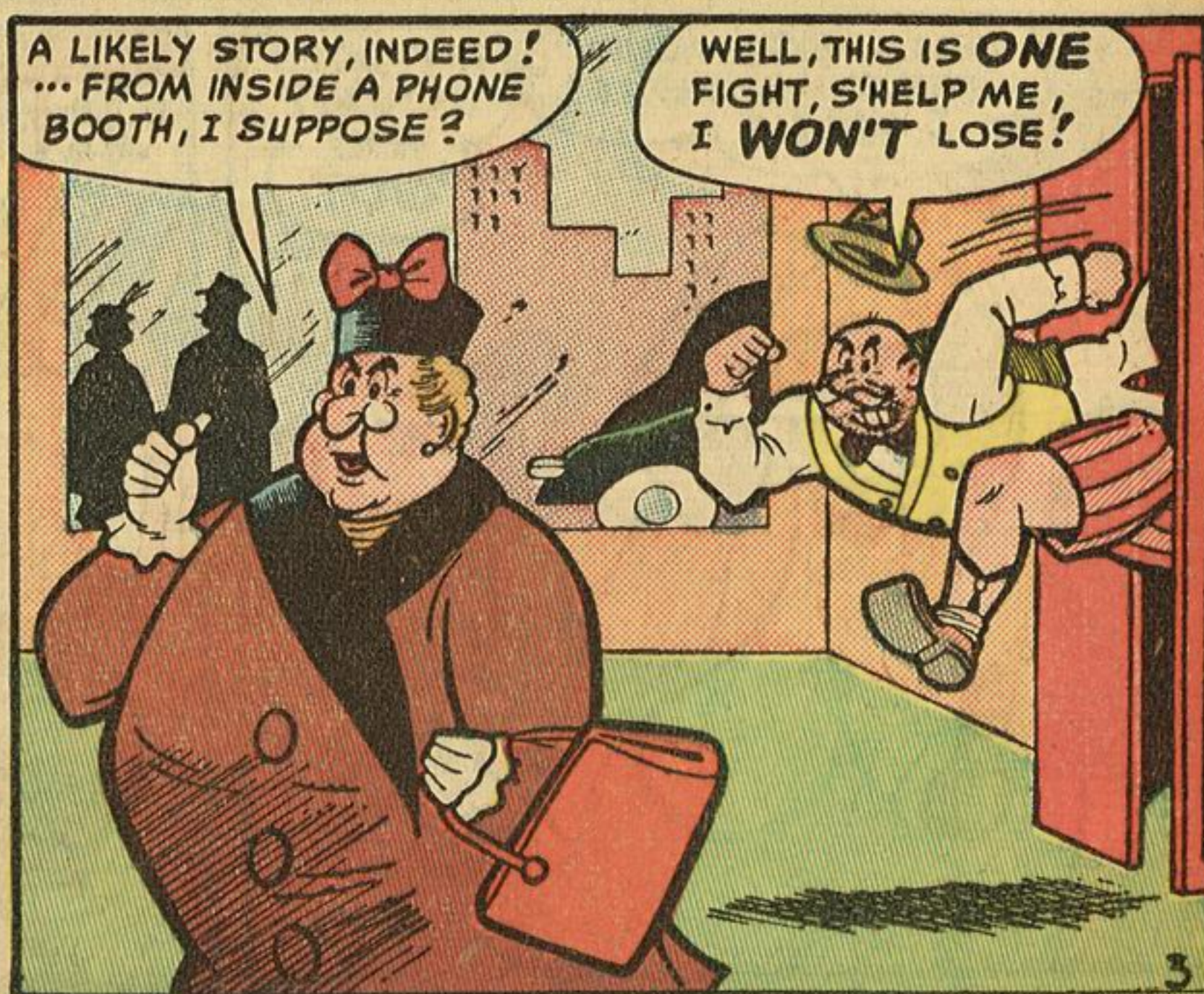
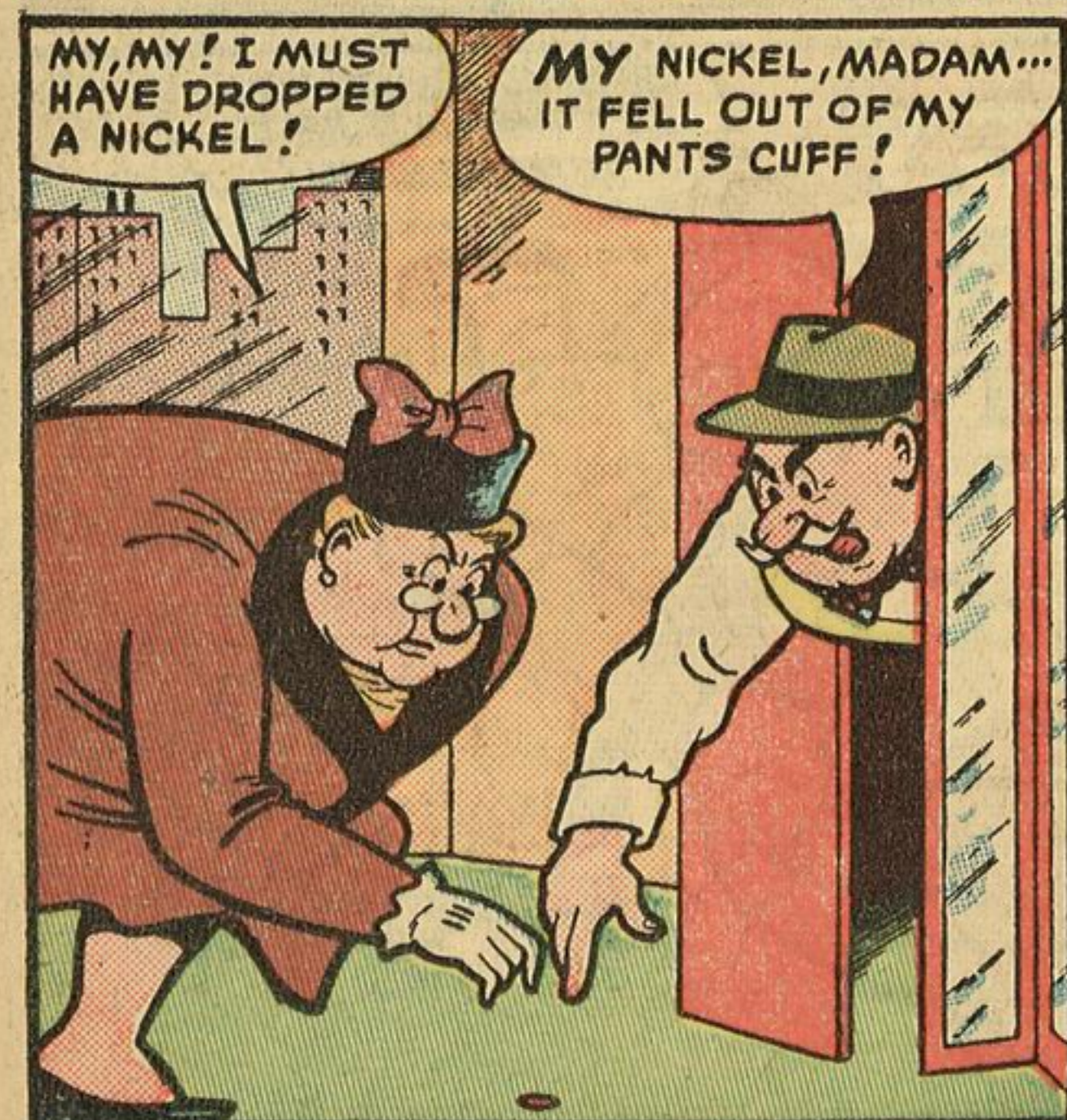
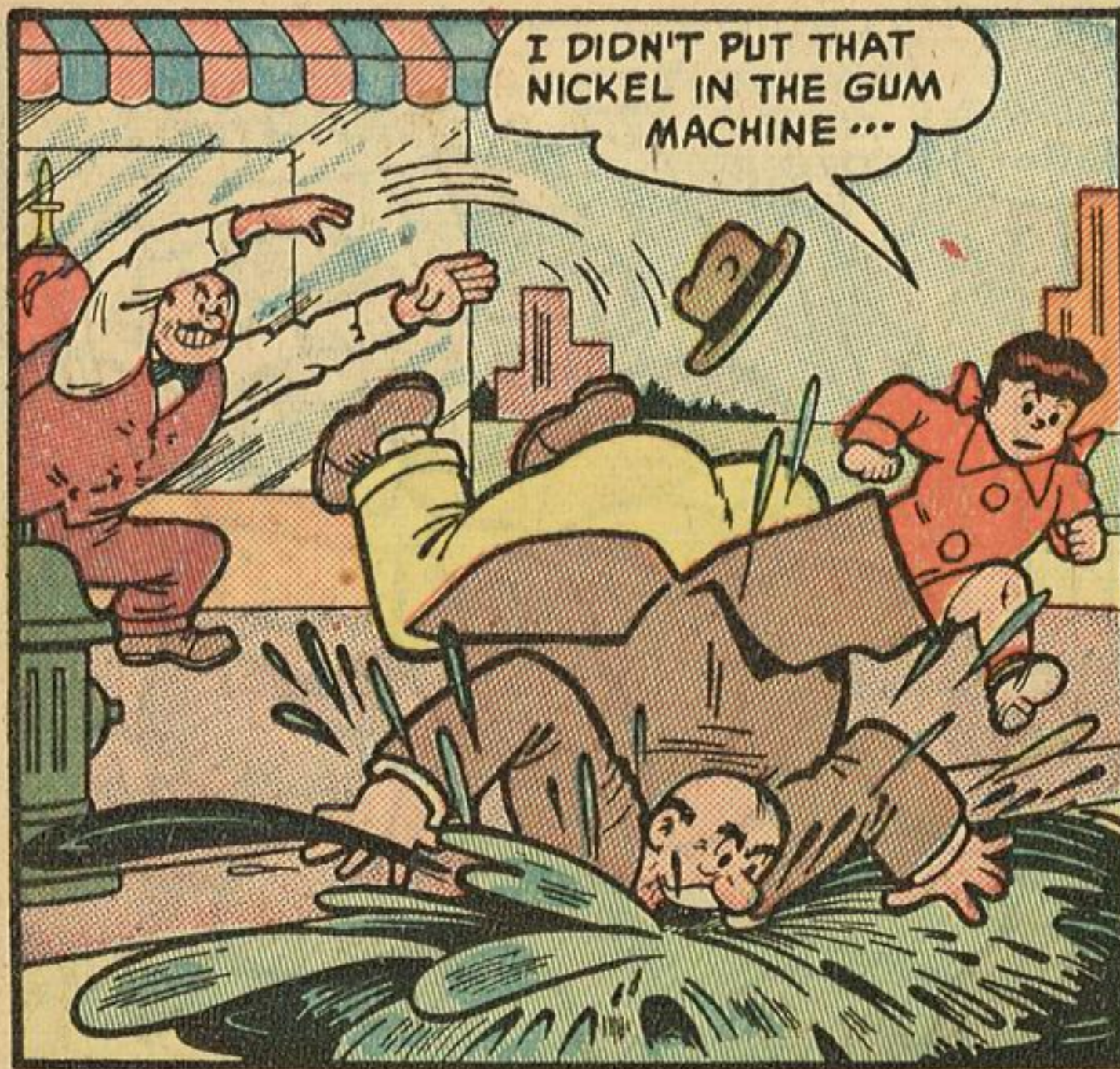
LASSIE



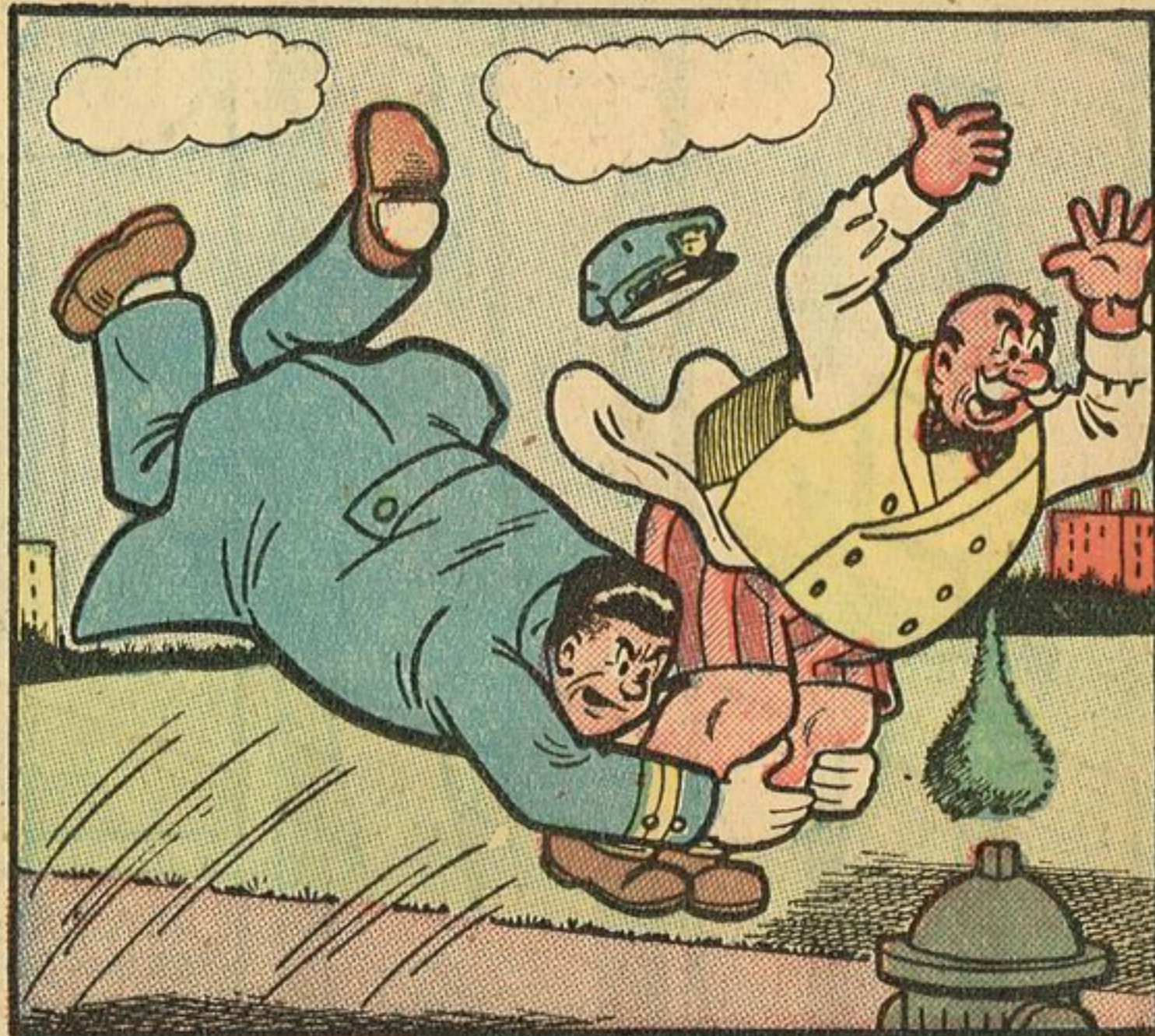
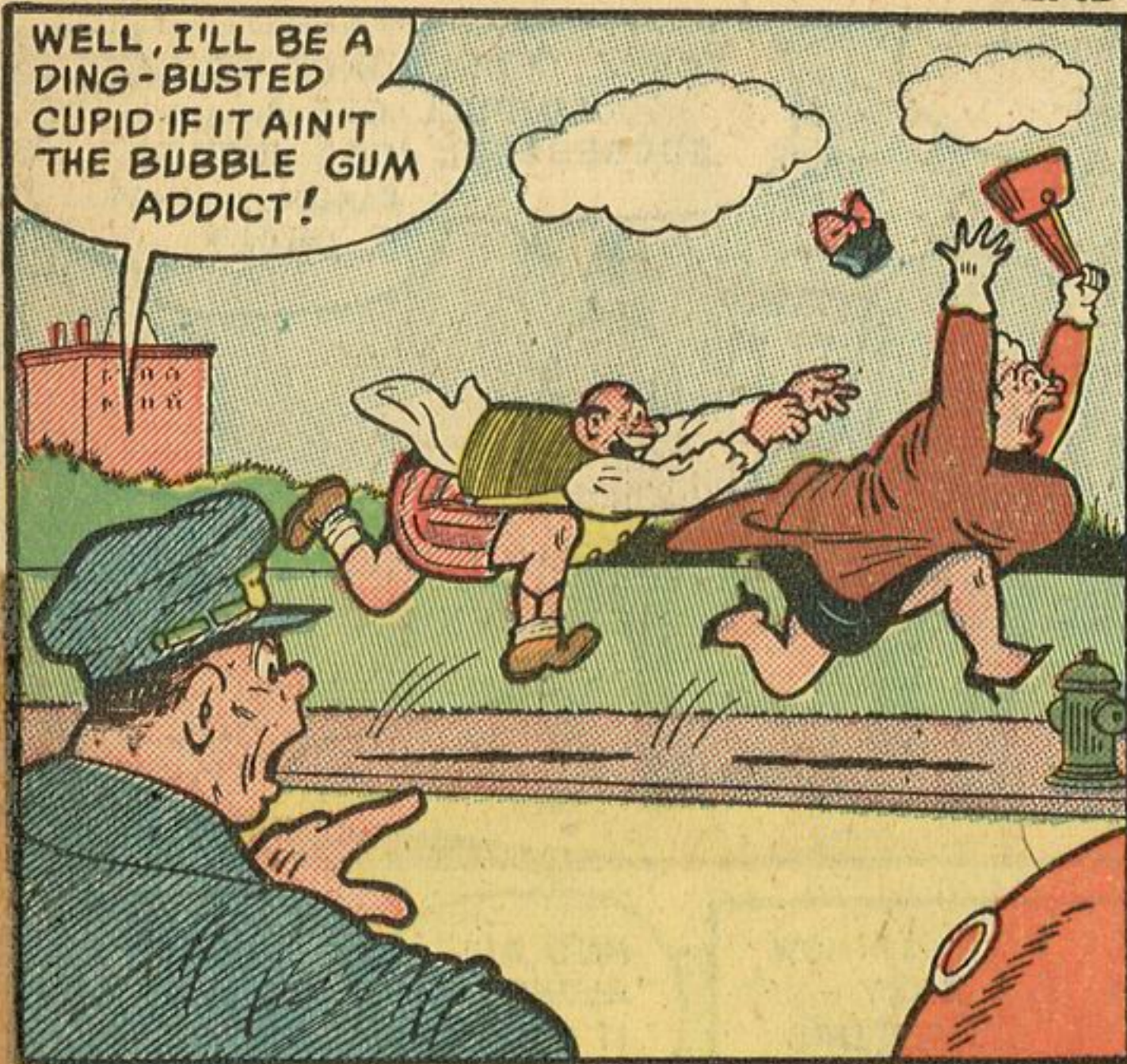

LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK

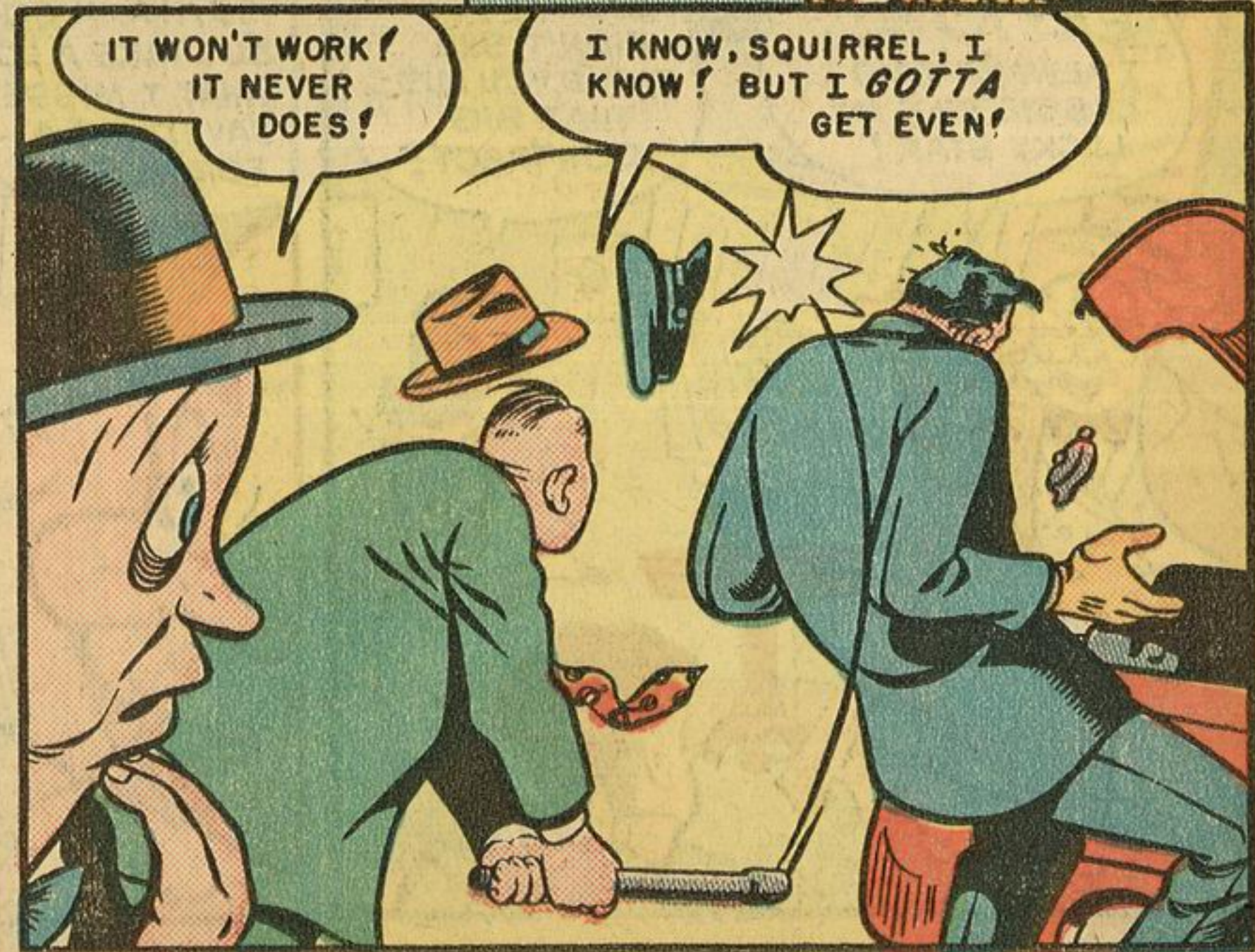
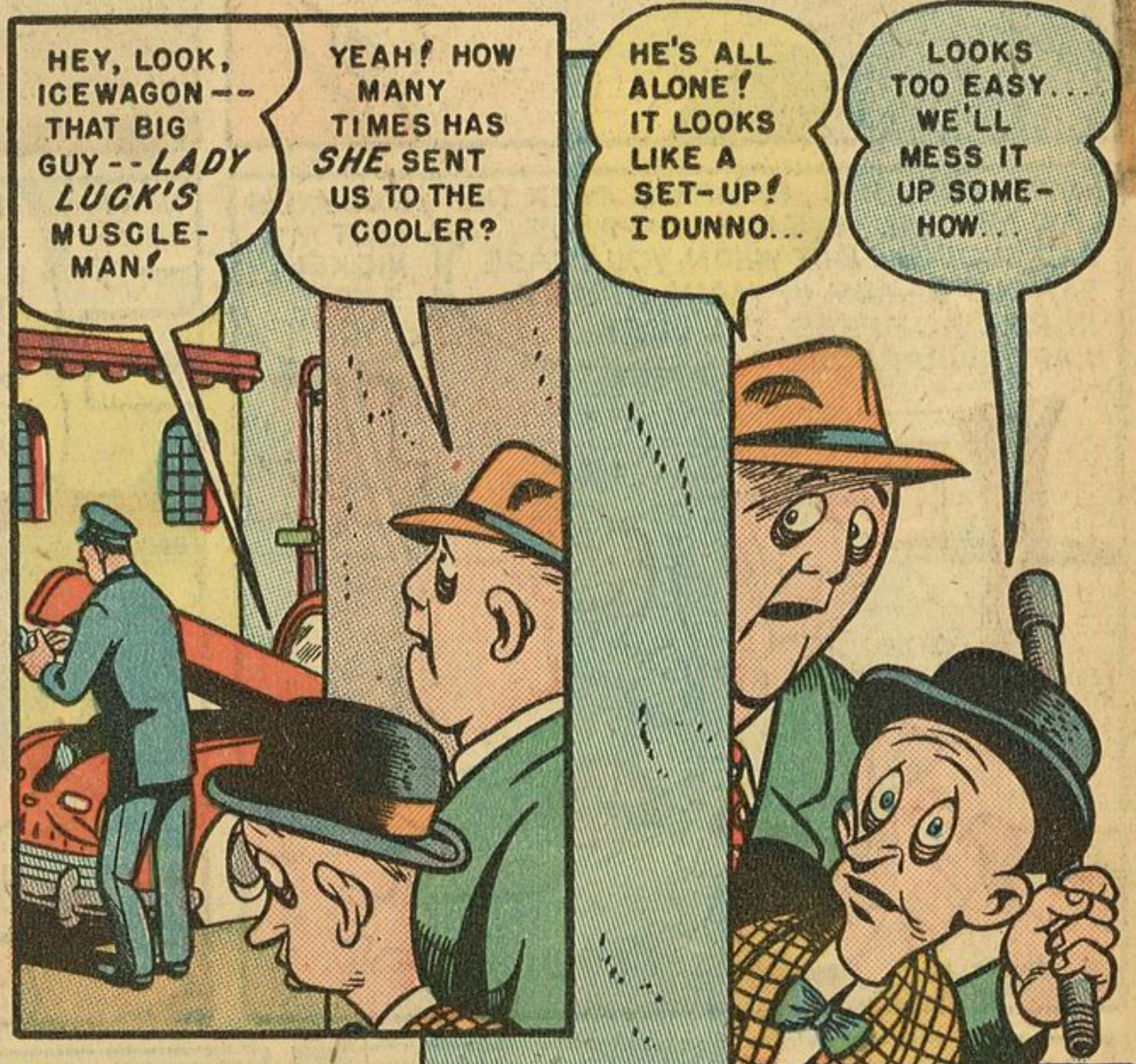


DAILY JOURNAL

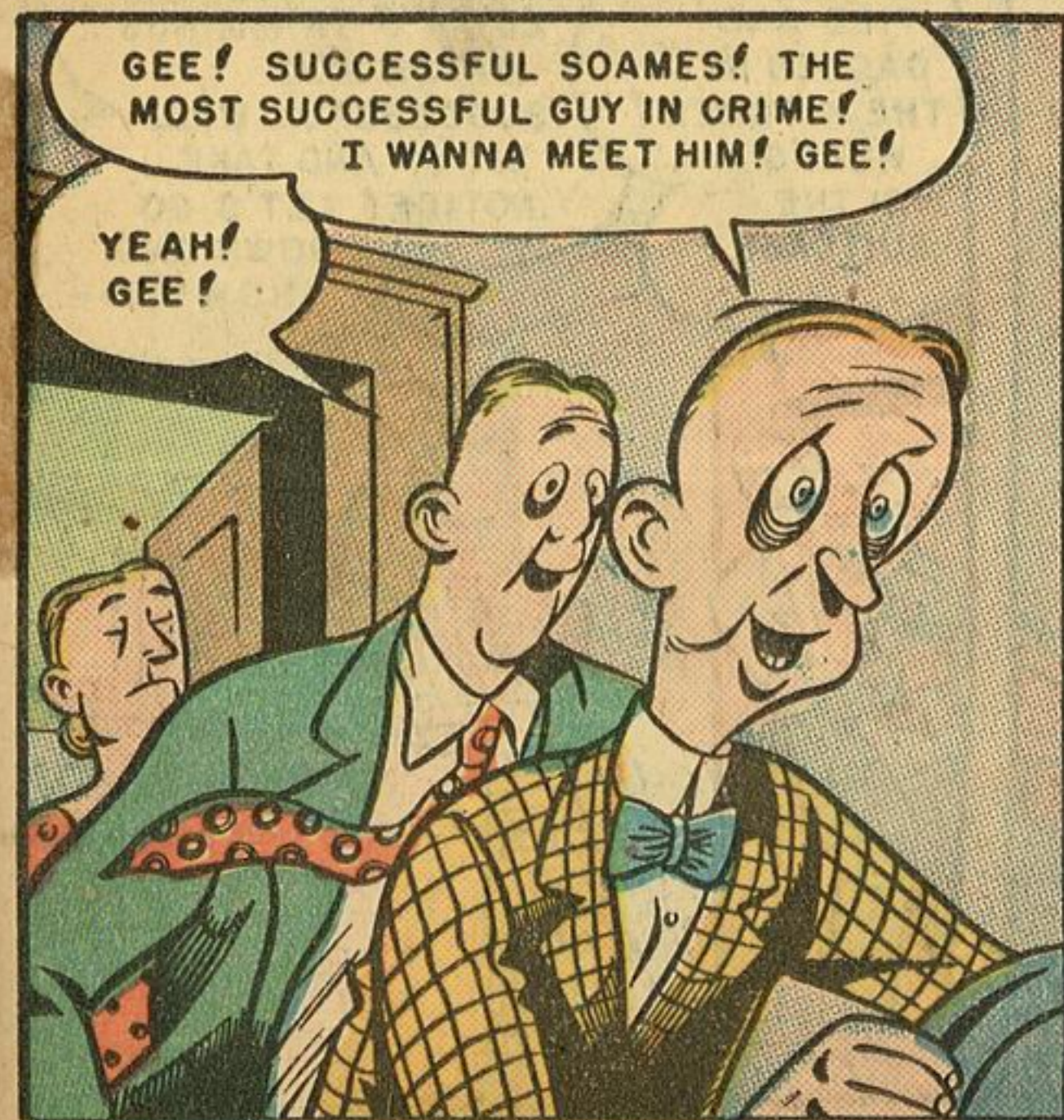
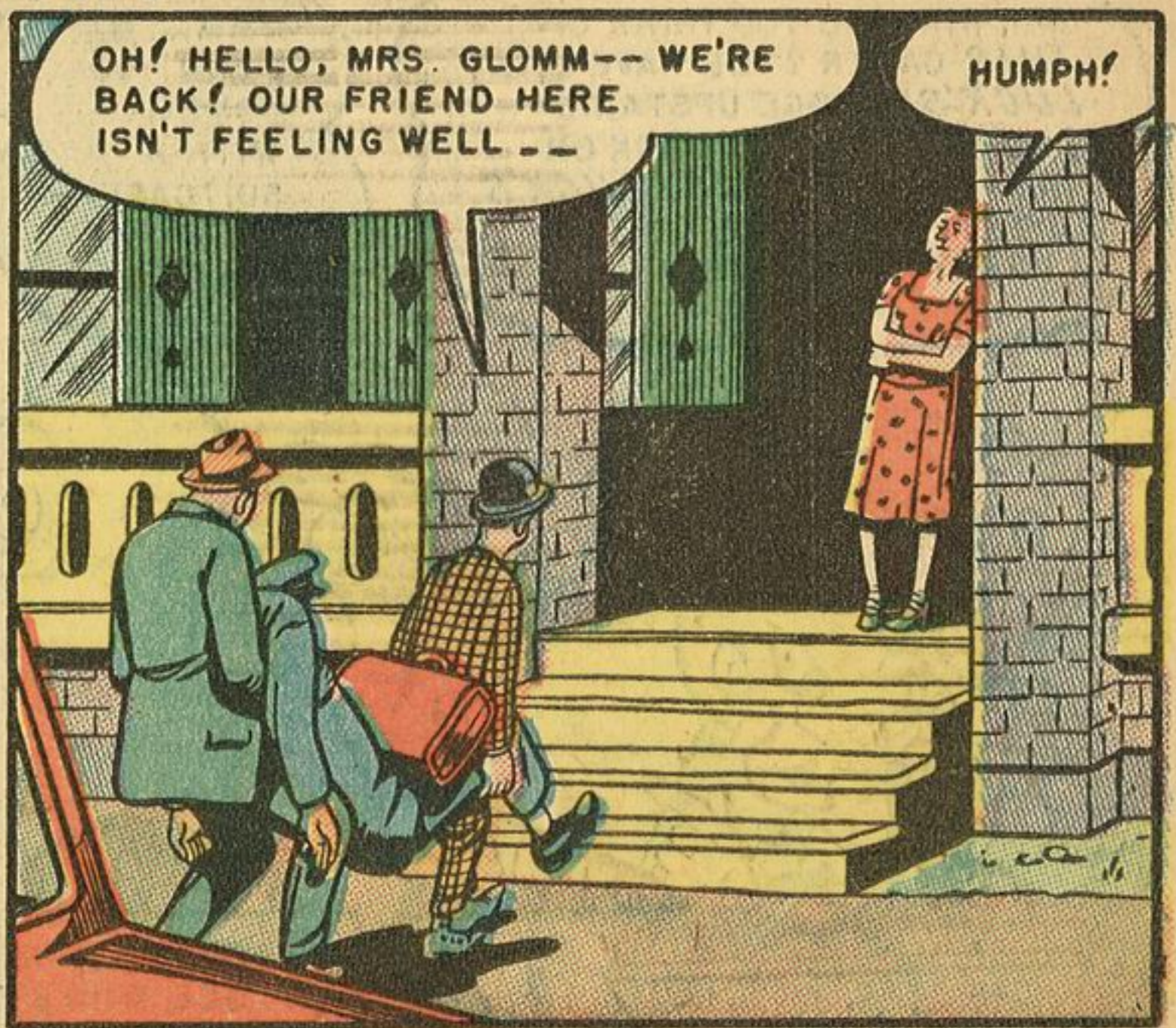
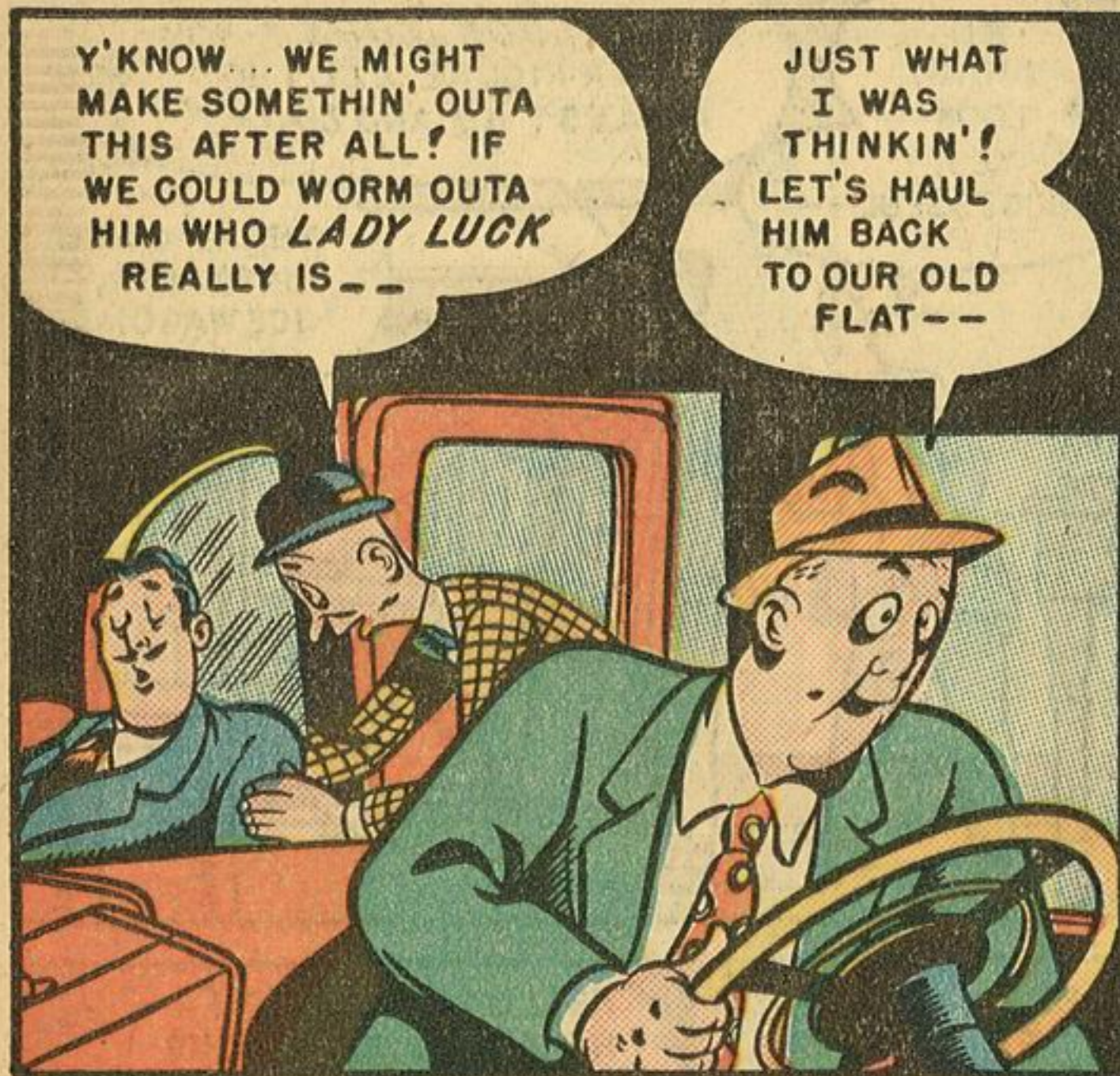
BIG SYNDICATE WIPED OUT IN URANIUM MINE SWINDLE, MILLIONS LOST

LADY LUCK

LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK

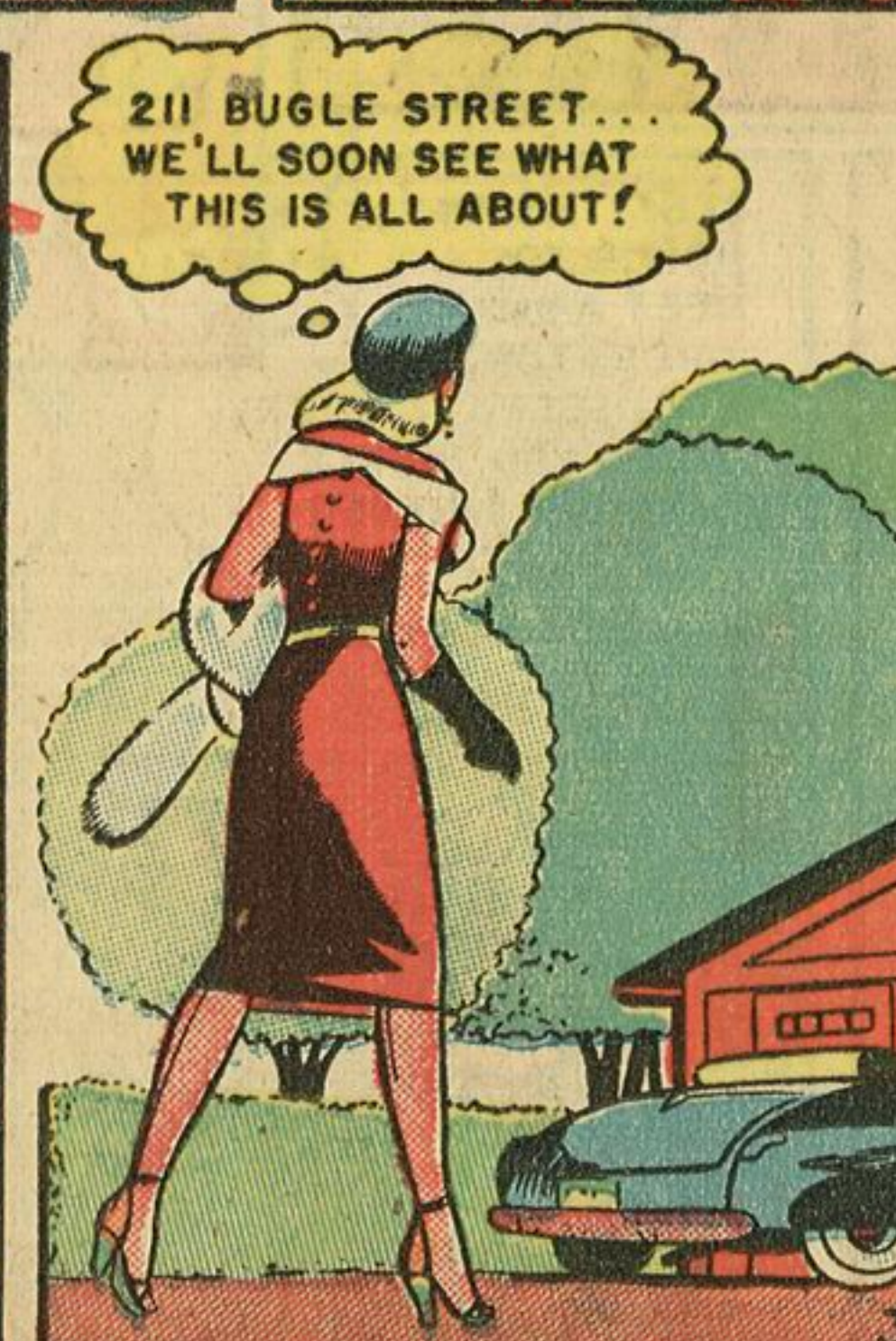
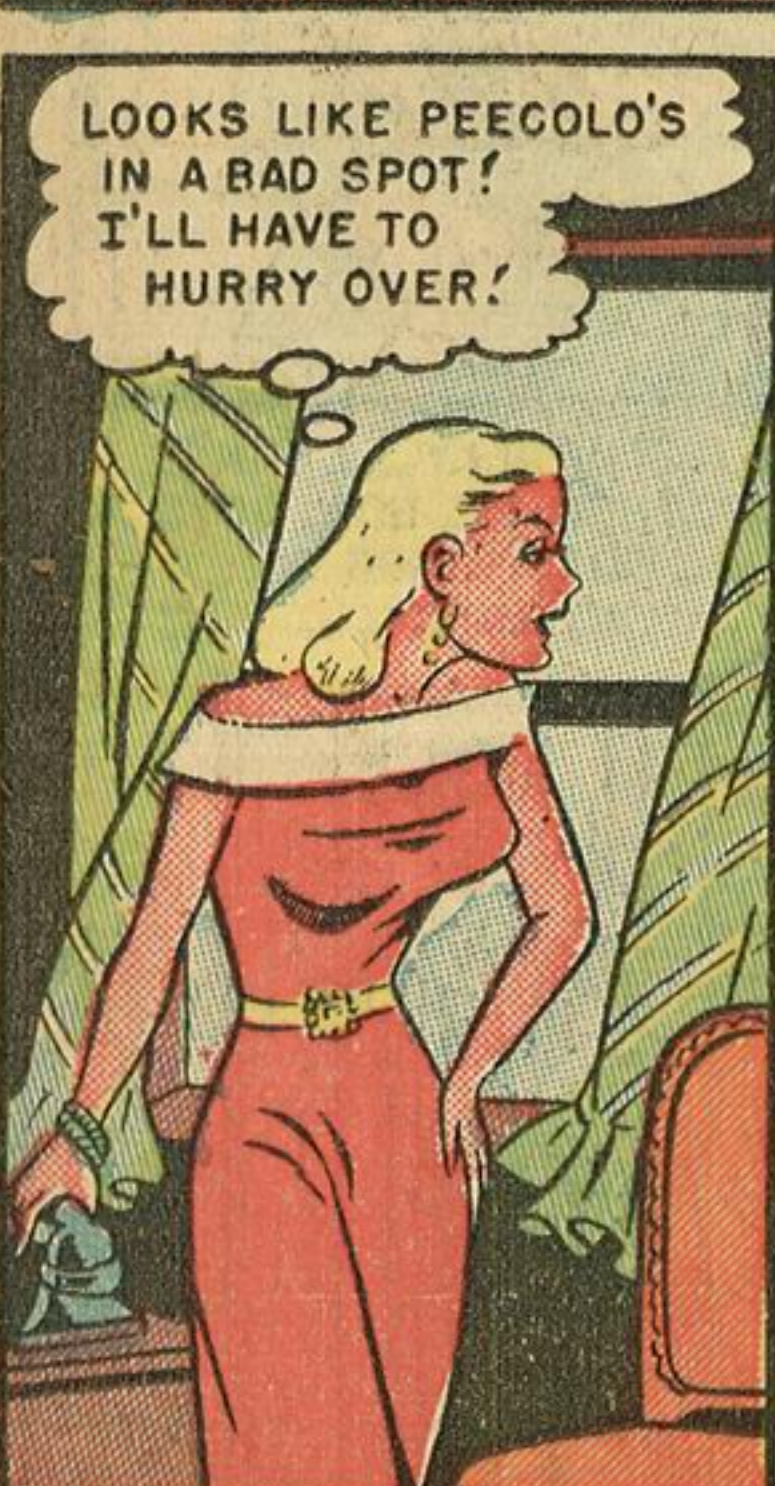
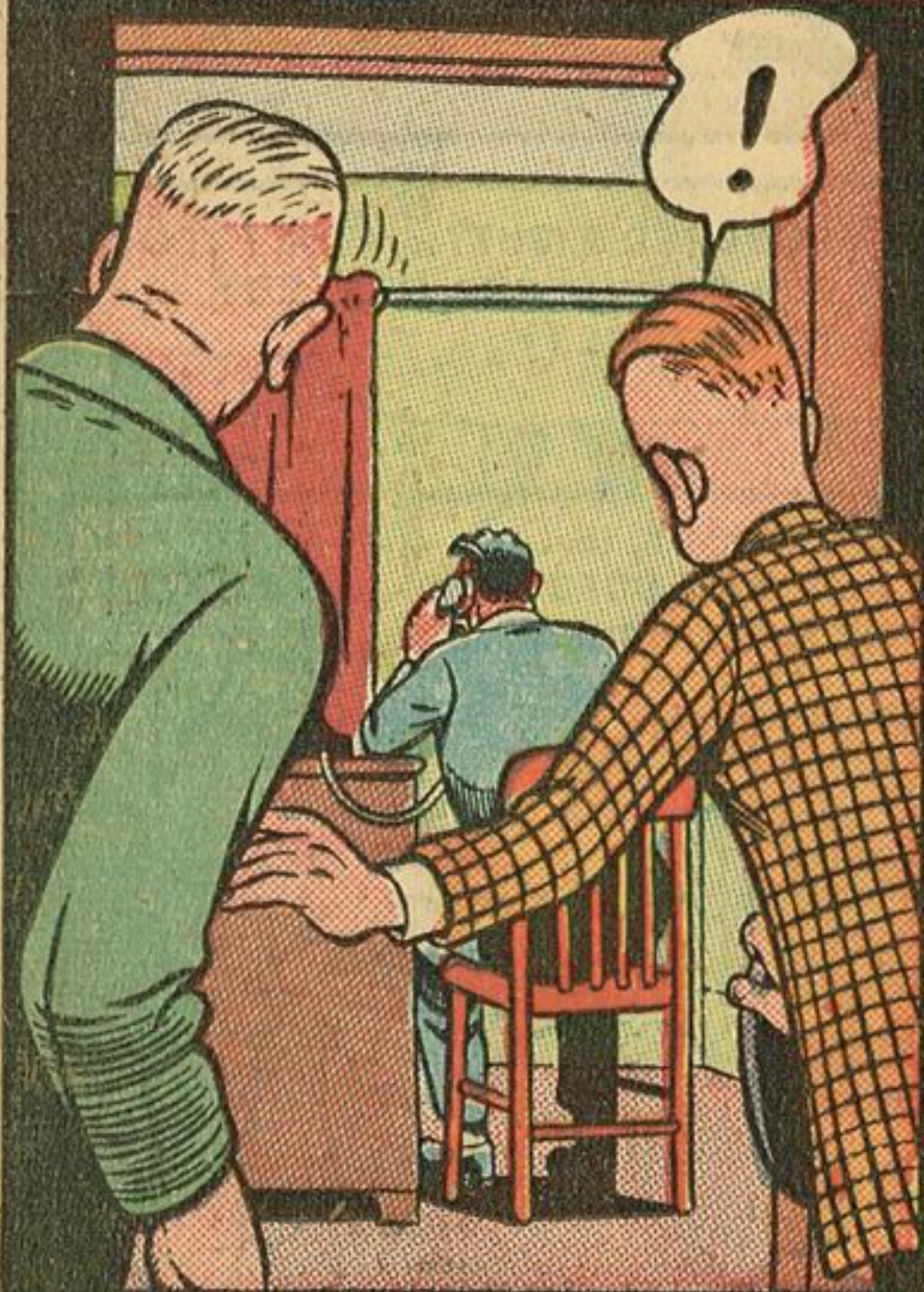
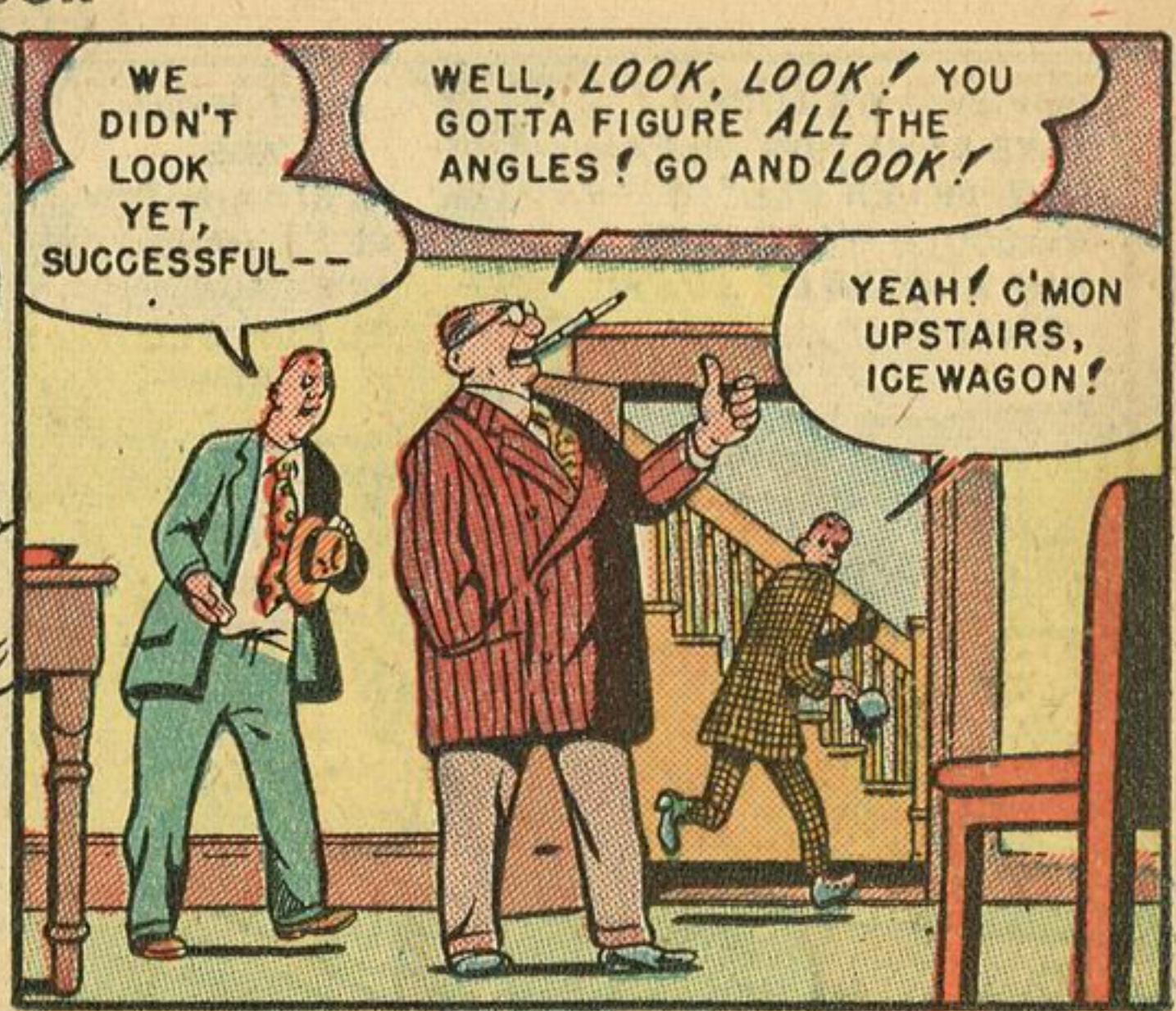
SAY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF *THIS* CAPER? WE HAVE *LADY LUCK'S* STOOGE UPSTAIRS-- AND WE'RE GONNA WORK ON HIM-- FIND OUT *LADY LUCK'S* IDENTITY AND ALL THAT! PRETTY GOOD, HUM?

MMM... MAYBE! I SAW YOU COME IN WITH A SUITCASE-- WHAT WAS IN IT?

WE DIDN'T LOOK YET, SUCCESSFUL--

WELL, LOOK, LOOK! YOU GOTTA FIGURE *ALL* THE ANGLES! GO AND LOOK!

YEAH! G'MON UPSTAIRS, ICEWAGON!



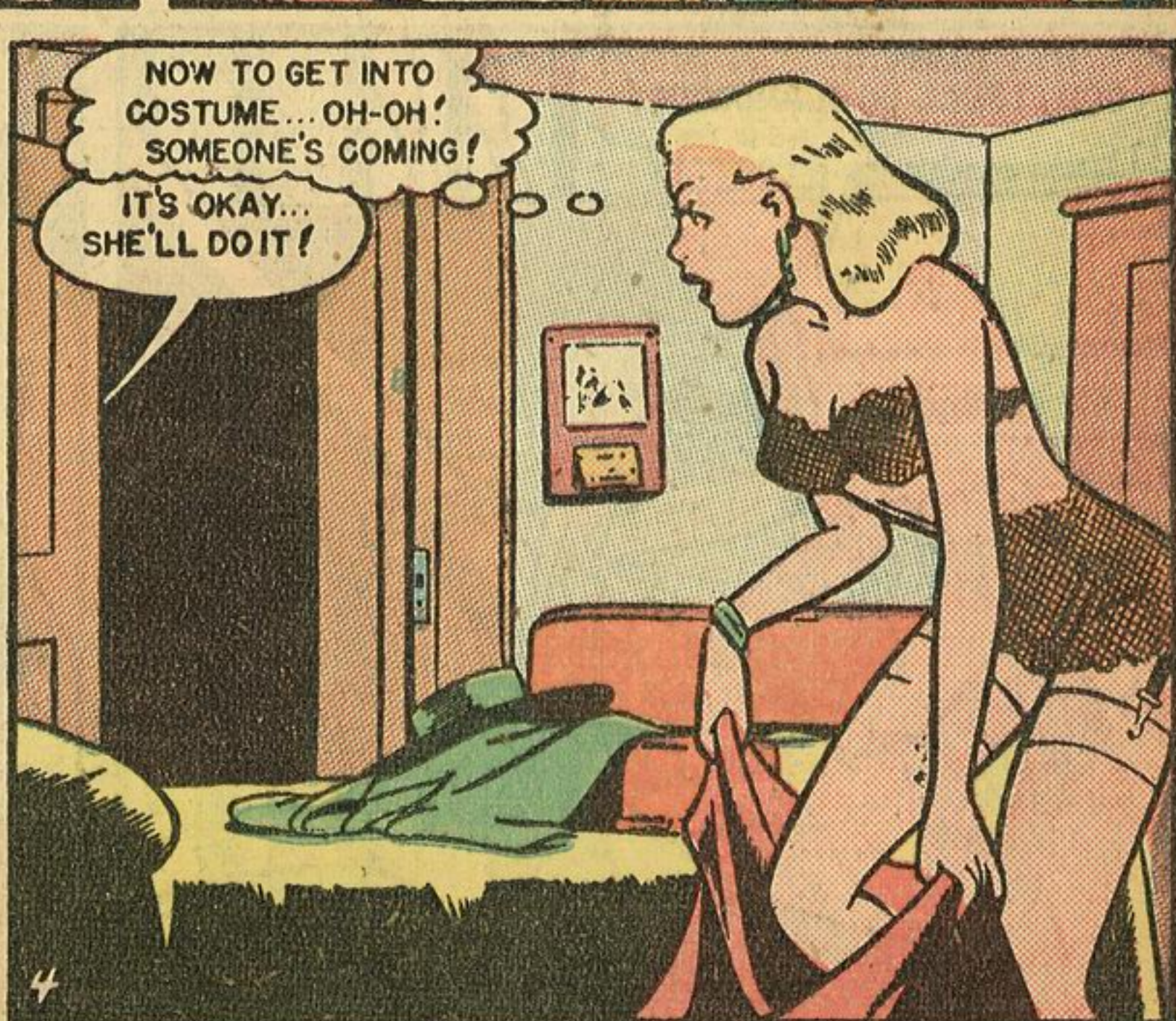
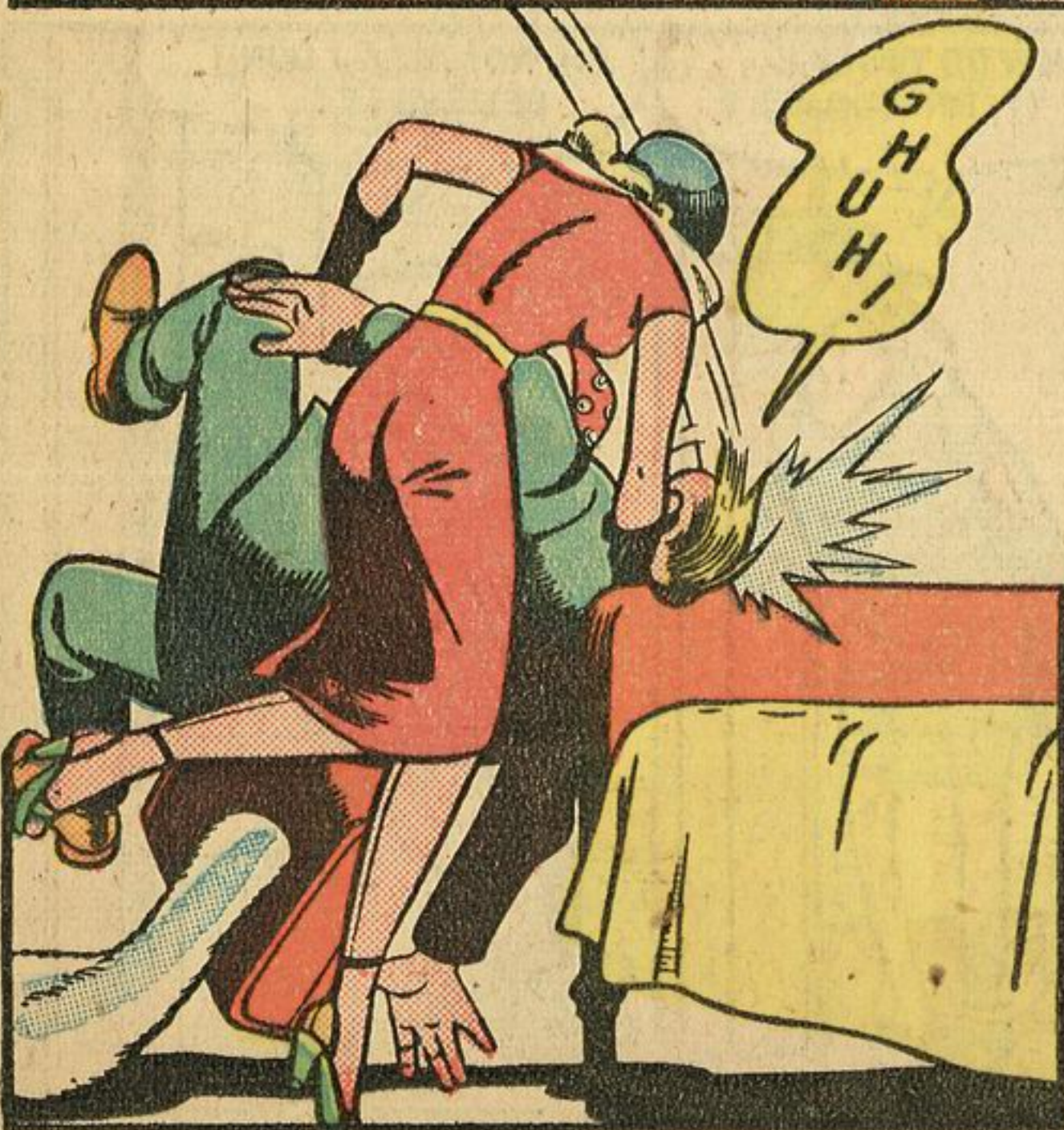
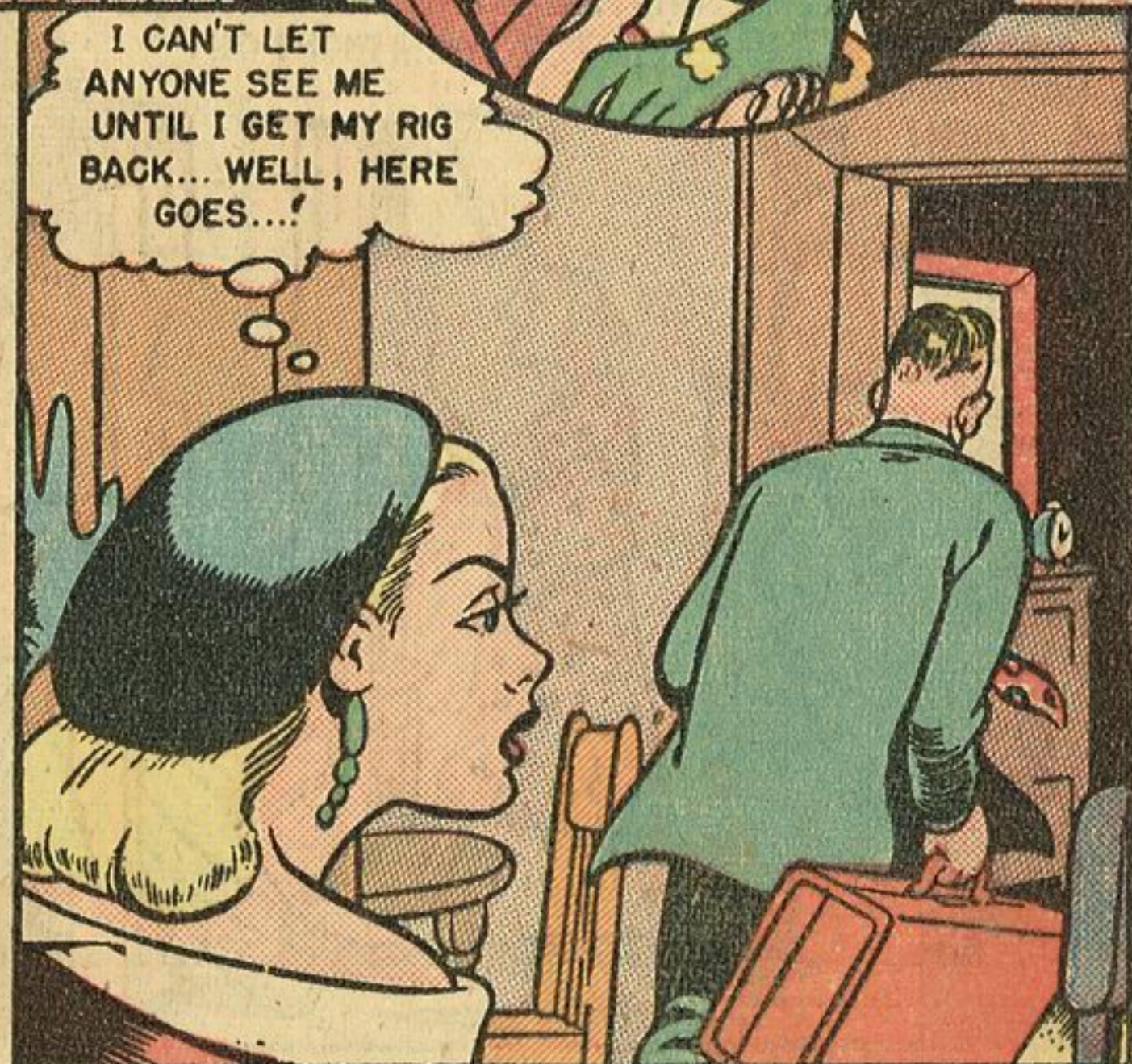
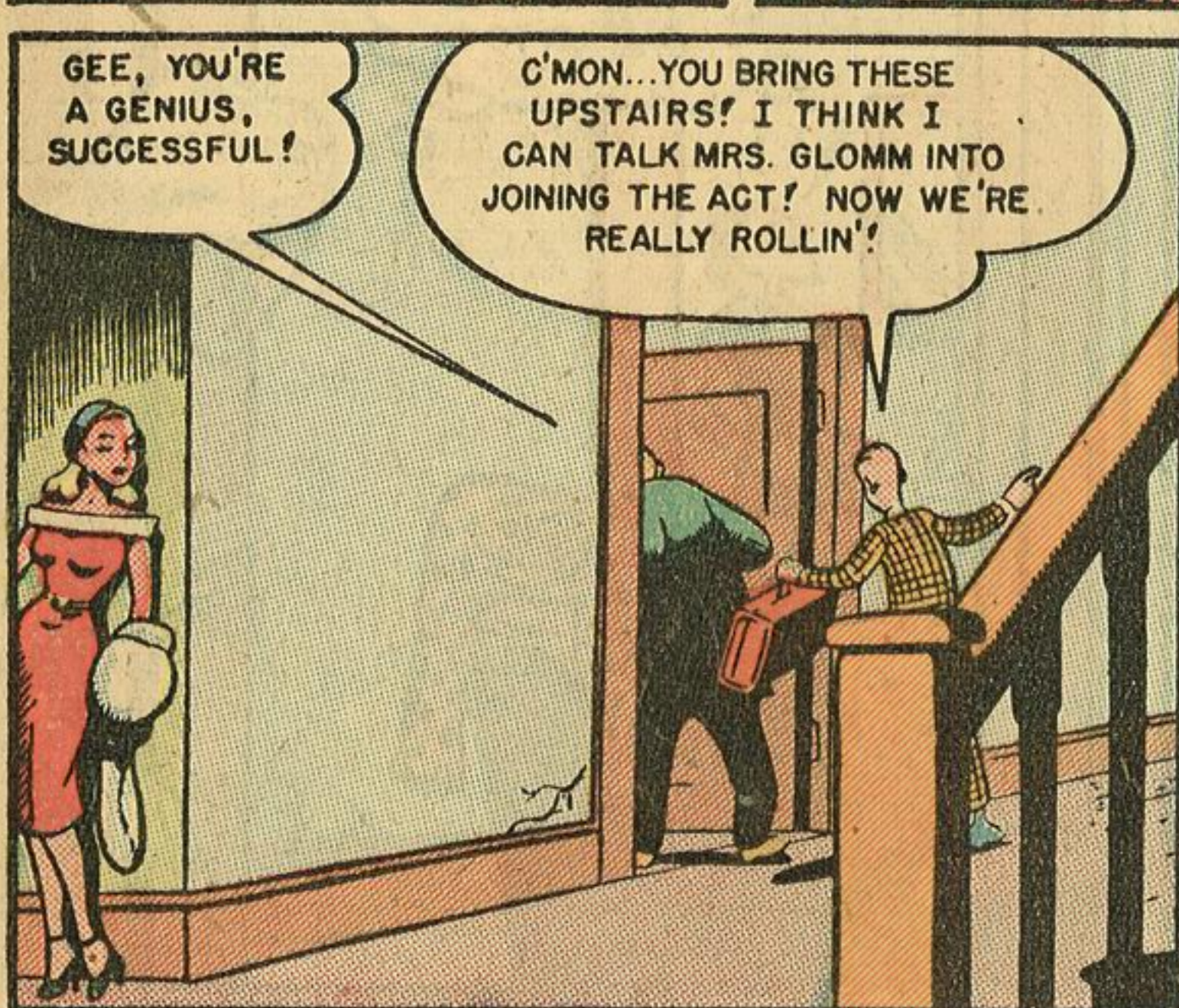
LOOKS LIKE PEECOLO'S IN A BAD SPOT! I'LL HAVE TO HURRY OVER!

211 BUGLE STREET... WE'LL SOON SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

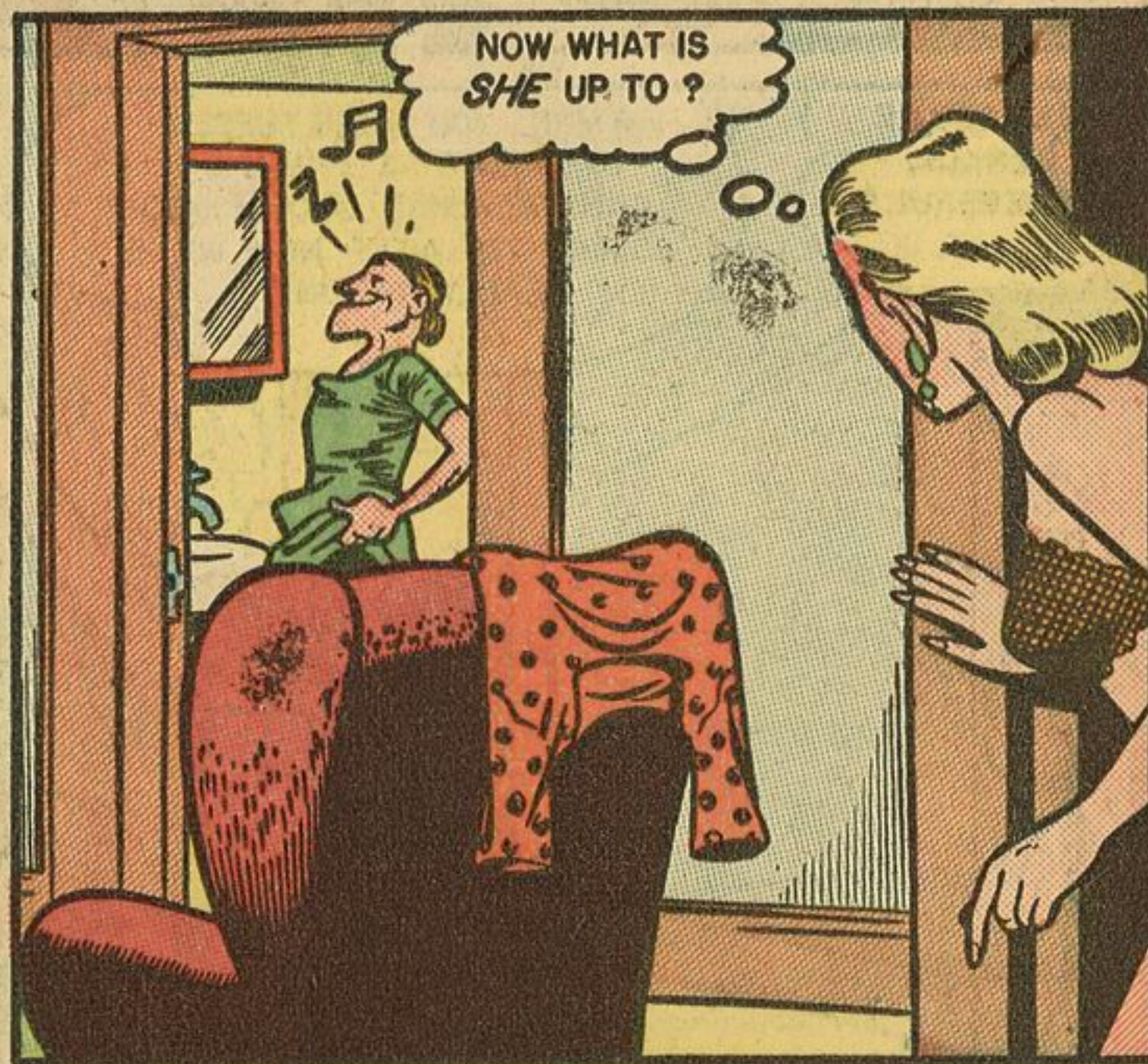
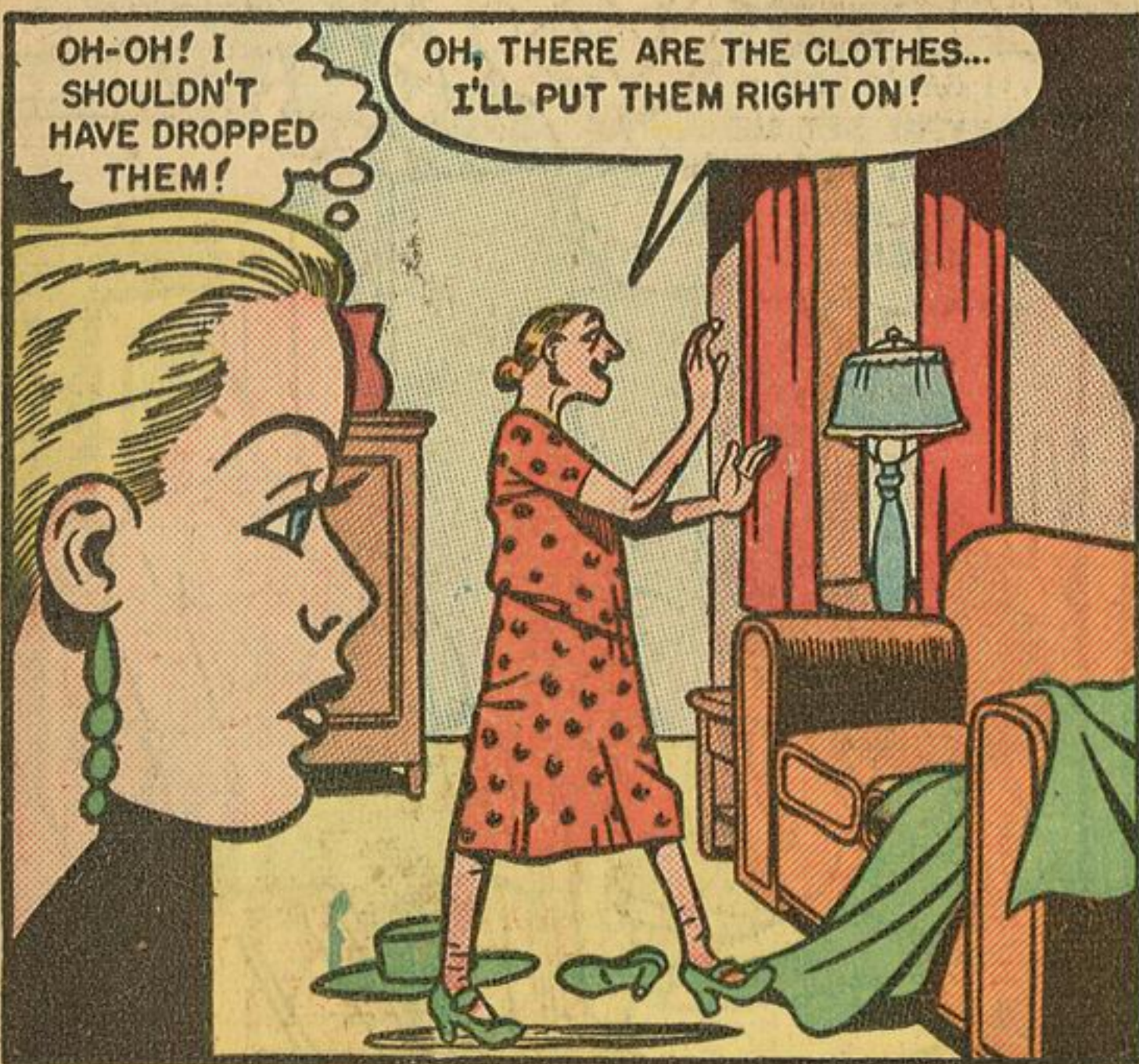
I GOT HIM TIED AND GAGGED IN THE KITCHEN! WHAT'S IN THE SUITCASE?

WOOPS! IT'S *LADY LUCK'S* TRIMMINGS! MAYBE NOW SUCCESSFUL WILL SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE! LET'S GO DOWN AND SHOW HIM--

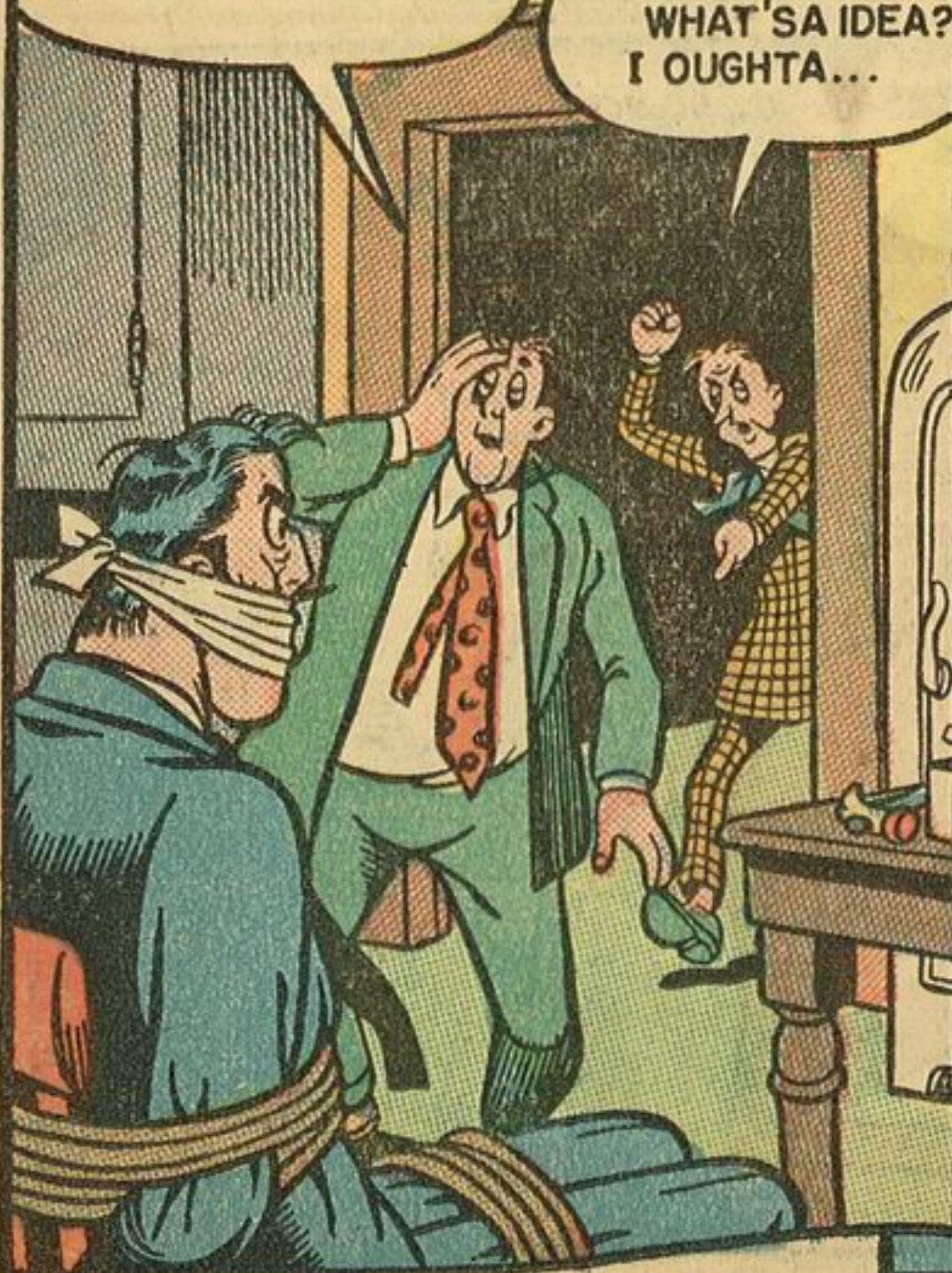
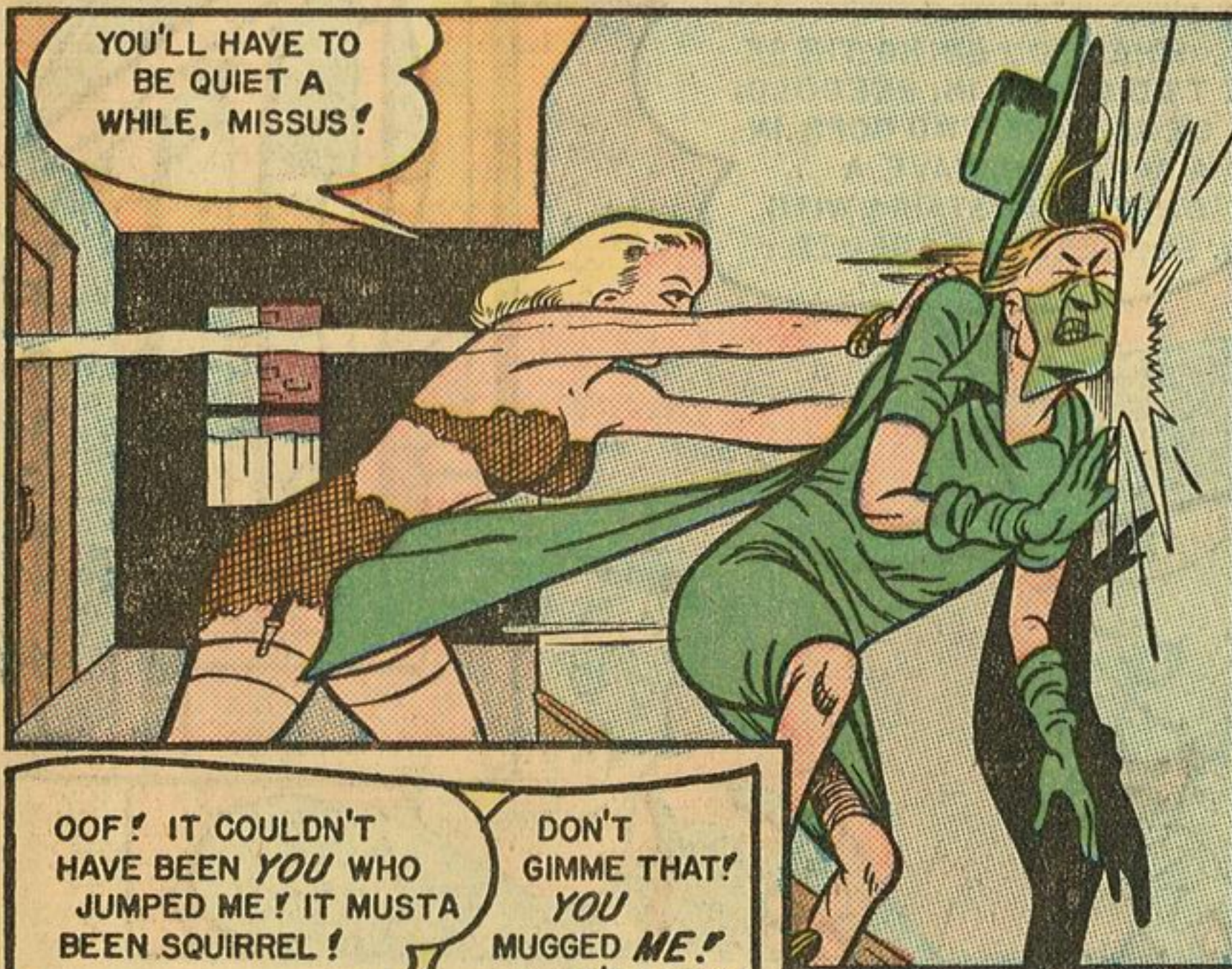
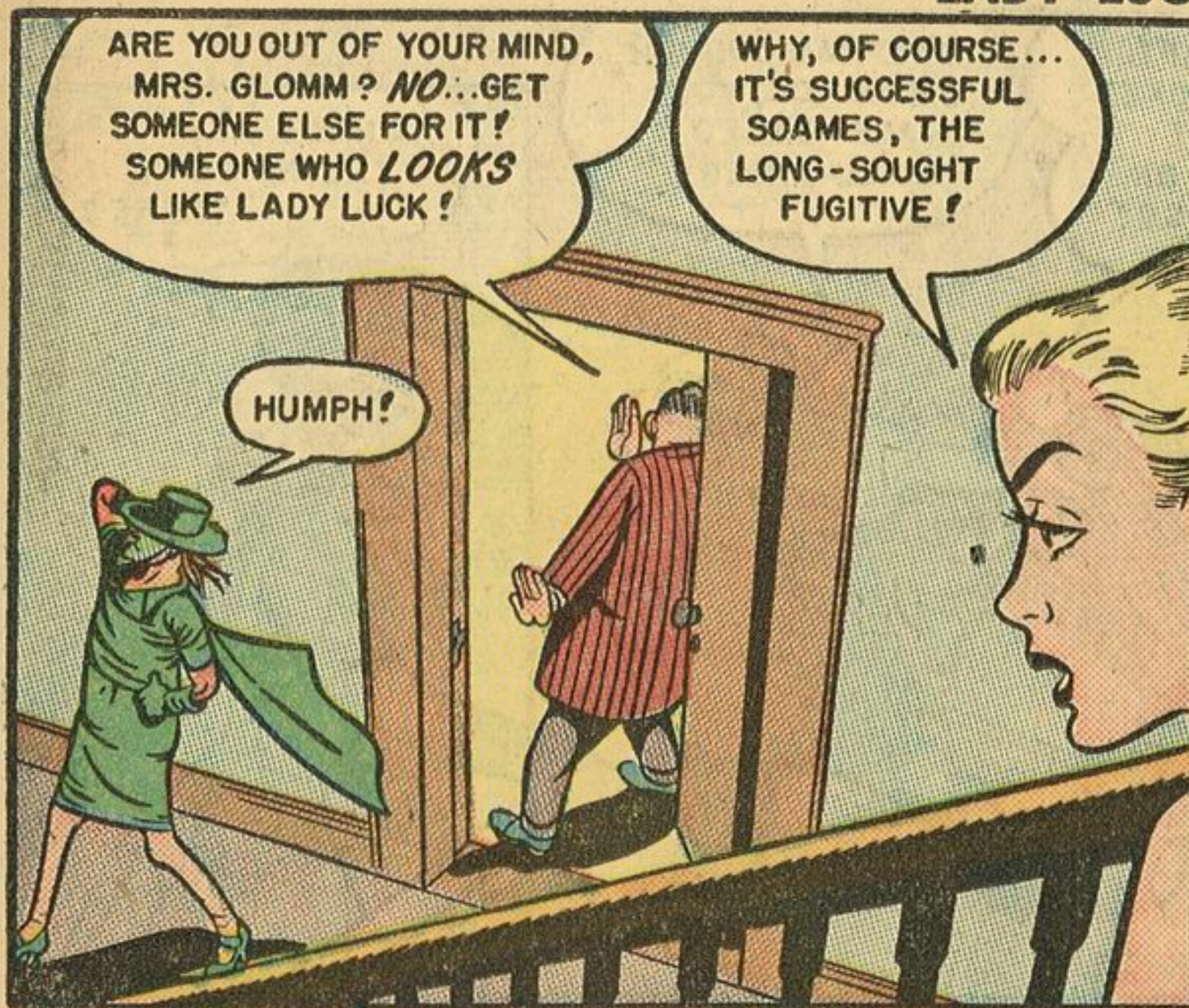
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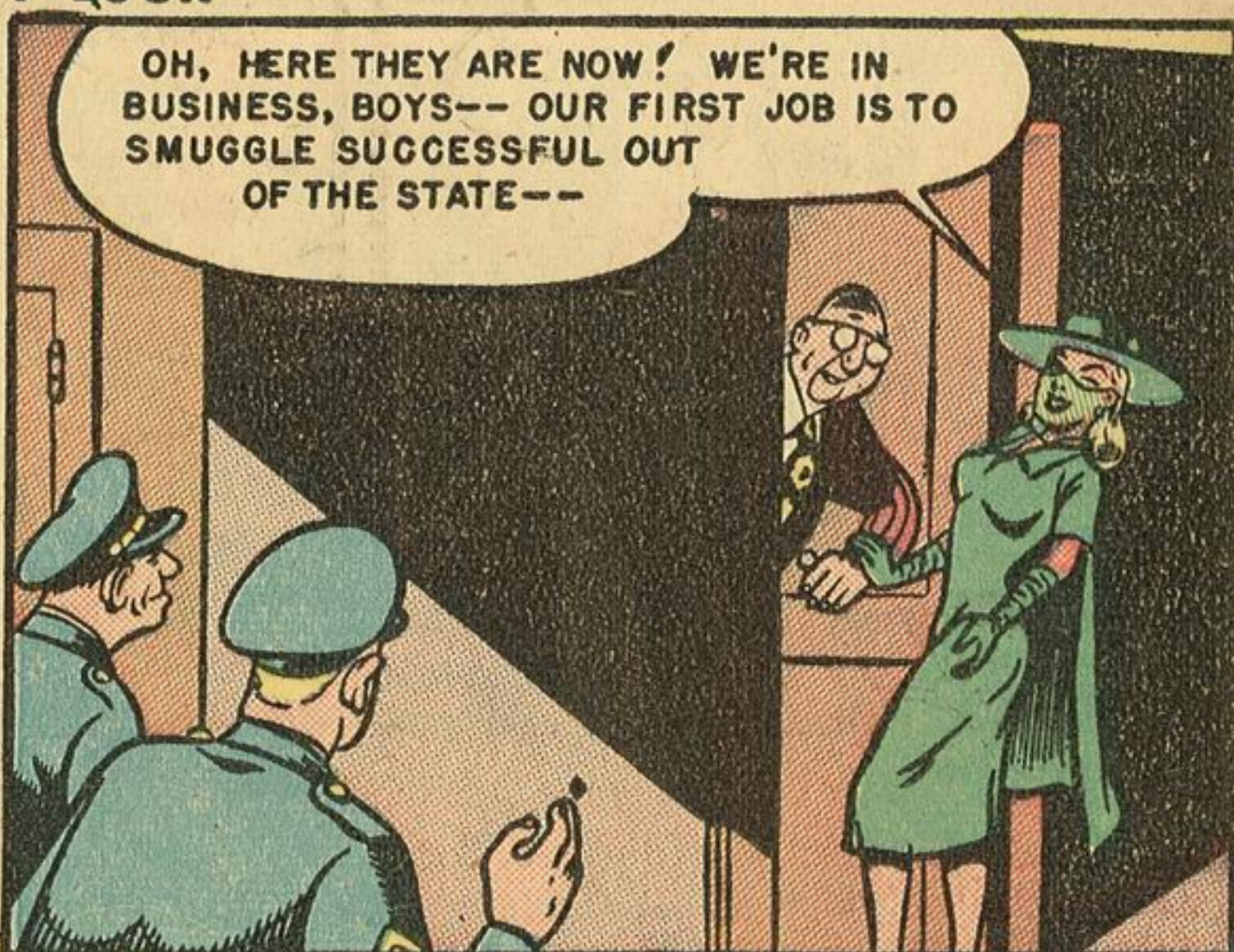
LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK



SAY, THEY'LL NEVER LOOK FOR ME IN A POLICE CAR! YOU CAN DRIVE ME RIGHT OUT OF THE STATE-- AND I CAN RESUME OPERATIONS-- HOT DAWG! WE'RE IN BUSINESS, BABY!



OH, HERE THEY ARE NOW! WE'RE IN BUSINESS, BOYS-- OUR FIRST JOB IS TO SMUGGLE SUCCESSFUL OUT OF THE STATE--



ARREST HIM! THAT'S *SOAMES*! HE INSULTED ME-- HE HIT ME-- HE THREW ME TO THE FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS!

TAKE HER ALONG! I'M AFRAID SHE'S GOING TO SQUEAL!



DON'T WORRY, SUCCESSFUL-- NOBODY'S EVEN SUSPICIOUS!



SAY, WAIT A WHILE-- AREN'T YOU GOING A LITTLE TOO FAR? DON'T PRESS YOUR LUCK!

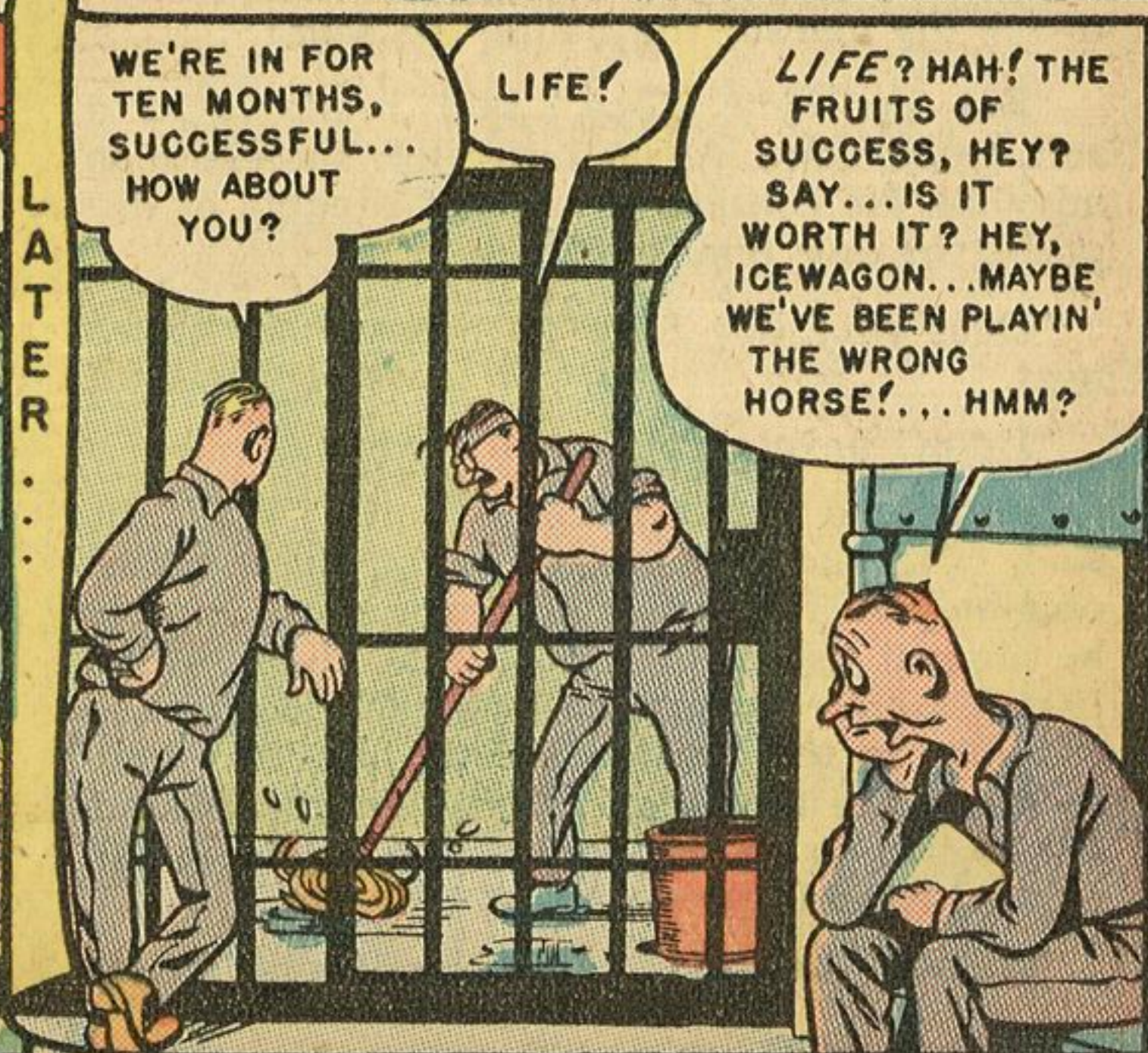
GO ON IN, SOAMES... IT'S A PERFECT HIDEOUT!



WE'VE FINALLY GOT HIM, CHIEF! THE EASIEST PINCH I'VE EVER MADE!

WHAT? NO--!

SUCCESSFUL!



WE'RE IN FOR TEN MONTHS, SUCCESSFUL... HOW ABOUT YOU?

LIFE!

LIFE? HAH! THE FRUITS OF SUCCESS, HEY? SAY... IS IT WORTH IT? HEY, ICEWAGON... MAYBE WE'VE BEEN PLAYIN' THE WRONG HORSE!... HMM?

More Deadly Than The Male

"IT'S like taking candy from a baby!" exulted Lofty Loonis to his partner in crime, Barky Boomer.

Barky surveyed Lofty's elegant face and figure. "Ever try to take candy from a baby?" he inquired. "Seems like you'd wind up awful sticky."

"What I mean," explained Lofty, "is that here's the bequest of old Senator Cristy to his niece, Miss Fredonia Cristy. I happen to know, by my spies in the Cristy company, that the fortune is in the form of cash and negotiable bonds—nearly a million bucks. It goes to Fredonia in a big brief case at three o'clock sharp—too late for her to put it in a bank. She'll have to keep it overnight in her apartment, and once I get in there, you and the muscle boys wait outside for my signal to come grab it."

"How'll you get in?" asked Barky.

Lofty surveyed himself in the mirror. He smirked at his own handsome face, his impeccably tailored clothes. "Look me over, bub. All I got to do is knock at the door. Any dame would let me in."

Came the hour of 3:30 P.M. Lofty knocked at the door of Fredonia Cristy's apartment. The door opened, and he smiled ingratiatingly down into a pair of wide blue eyes. Fredonia Cristy was small, slim and very lovely, with a rosebud of a mouth, sun-blond hair, and faintly blushing cheeks. Lofty congratulated himself as having already practically succeeded. "I would like to see the man of the house," he said.

"But I'm here alone," said Fredonia in a soft, timid voice. Again Lofty felt successful in advance. He considered himself capable of disposing of any female of the species.

"Does your dog have its license?" he asked next.

"I don't have a dog," said Fredonia.

Better and better, decided Lofty. "Well," he said, "I've come to interview you for a public opinion poll. Thanks for inviting me in." Nimbly he slipped inside, and closed the door behind him, not quite letting the lock click. Barky had two men in the corridor behind him, two more ready on the fire escape. Lofty glanced around. All he had to do was locate that briefcase full of wealth, and then—

"Name?" he said. "Age? Nationality?" He

noted them down on paper as she replied. "Now," he went on, "this poll is to establish the public's average possession of ready cash. How much you got, lady?"

"Quite a good deal," replied Fredonia. "Something like five hundred thousand dollars in money, and an equal amount in negotiable securities."

"I don't mean stashed away. I mean right where you can put your hands on it. In your purse or in the sugar bowl."

"That's what I mean, too," said Fredonia. "I have it here in the apartment."

"Hmm!" Lofty hid his exultation behind an expression of disbelief. "For the purpose of this investigation, I'm afraid you'll have to show it."

"It's right there, in that brief case," said Fredonia, and pointed.

"How convenient," sneered Lofty. He raised his voice. "Okay, boys, c'mon in!"

He drew the gun from his hip pocket and pointed it.

But a steel trap seemed to close on his wrist. His long graceful body suddenly whirled through the air and landed heavily on the floor. The gun whipped from his hand. Half-stunned, he saw Fredonia pointing that gun at his pals who had rushed in. She herded them into the next room, locked them in, and phoned the police.

"Some he-man tipped you off about us!" groaned Lofty.

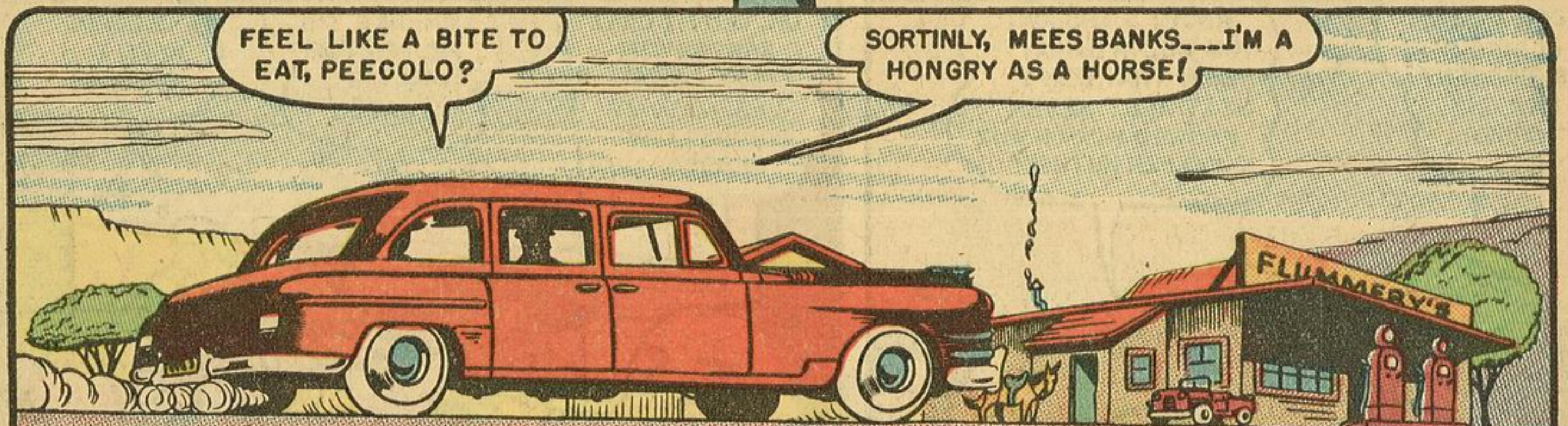
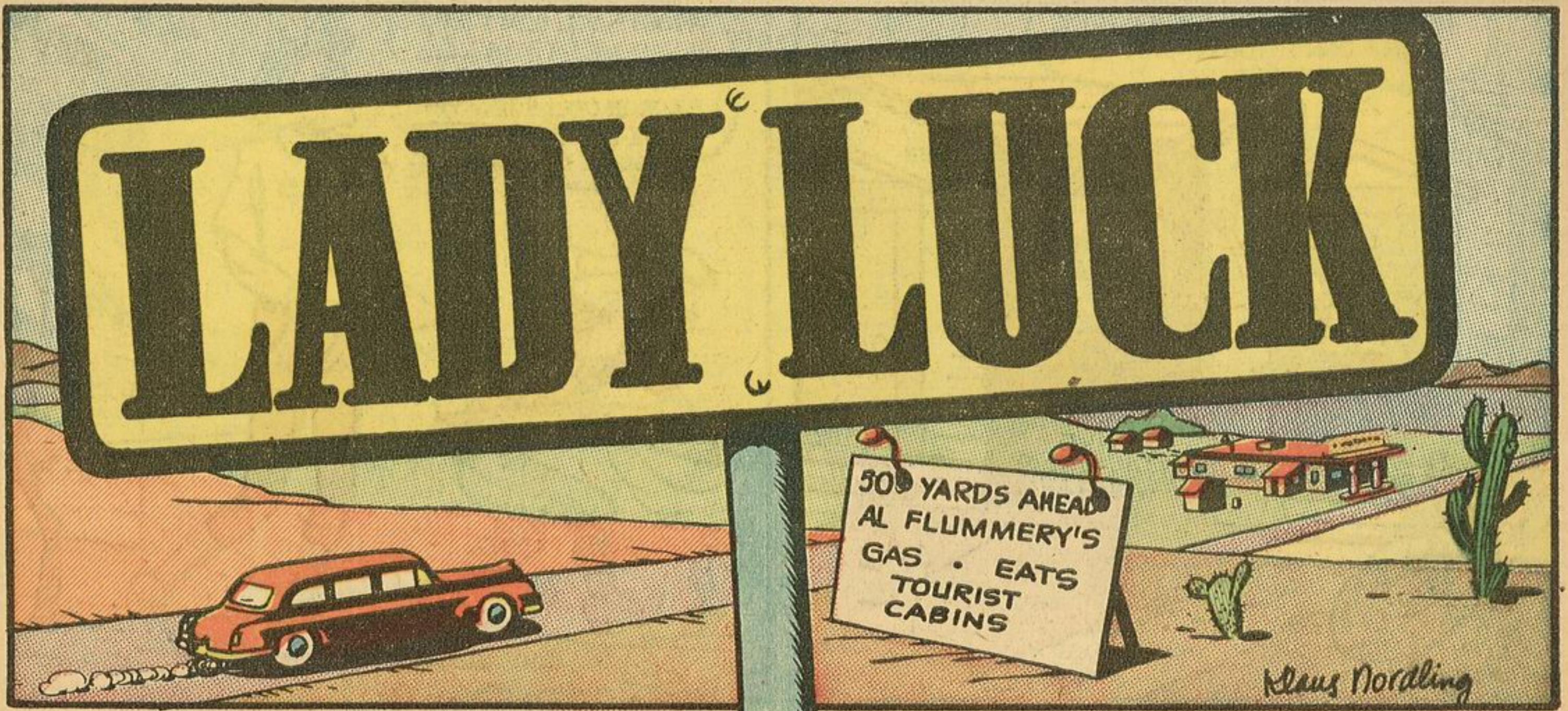
"No," said Fredonia. "I spotted you from the first as a crook. My mother was a psychology professor. She taught me to read character."

"But some man taught you that judo hold that flopped me!"

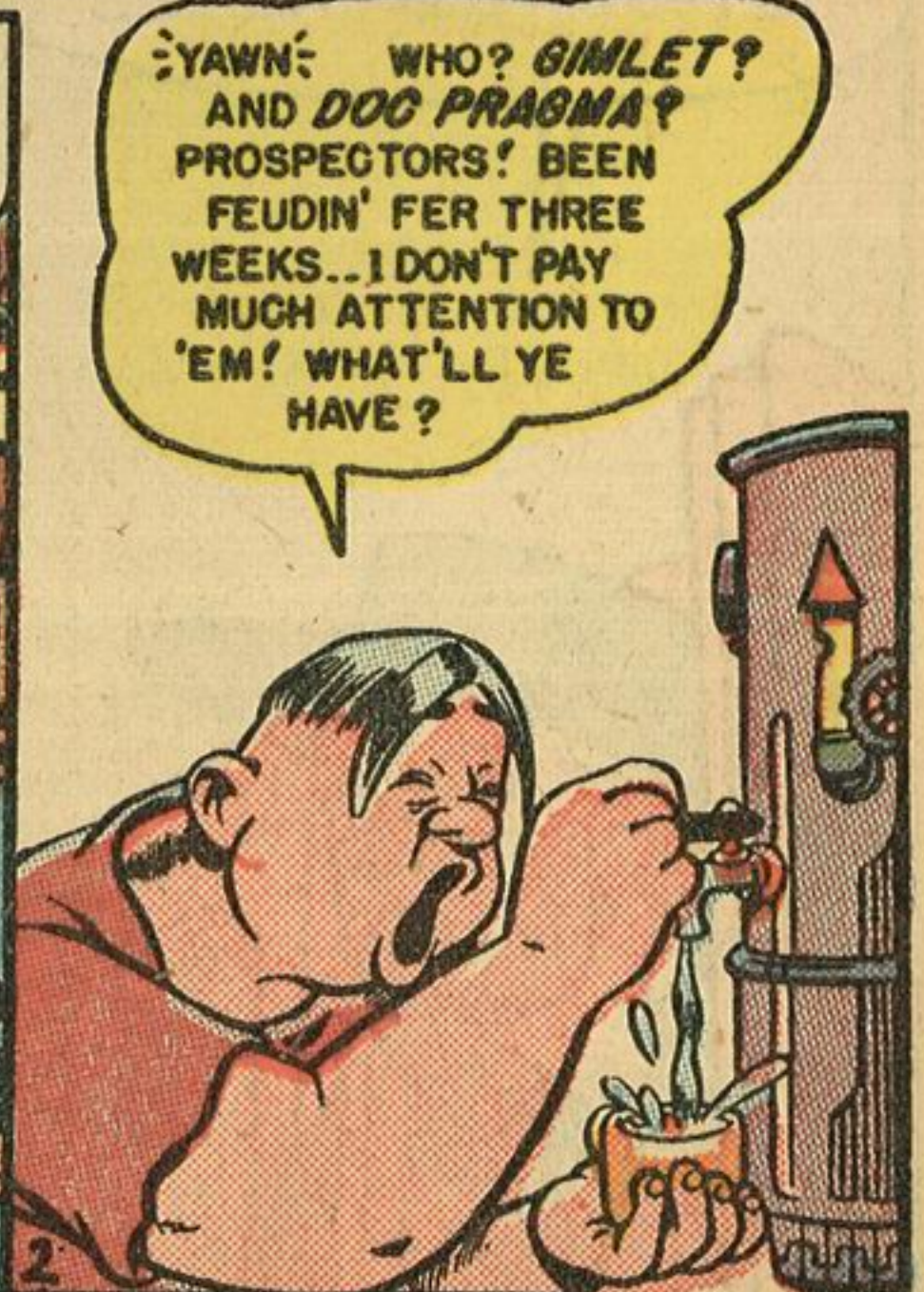
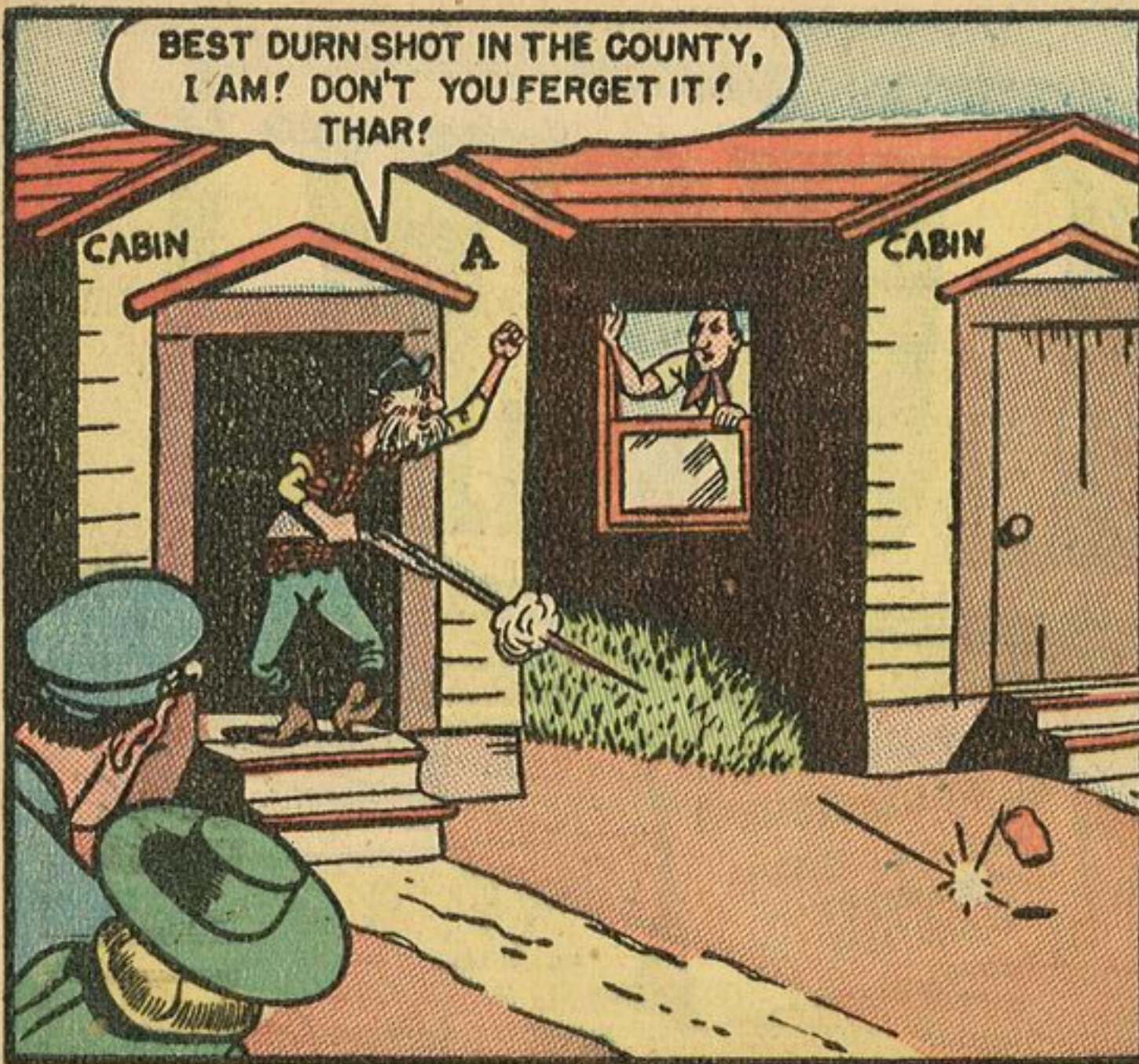
"I learned judo from my sister. She was a lady Marine during the war."

"Well, you got to turn us over to men when the cops come!" raged Lofty.

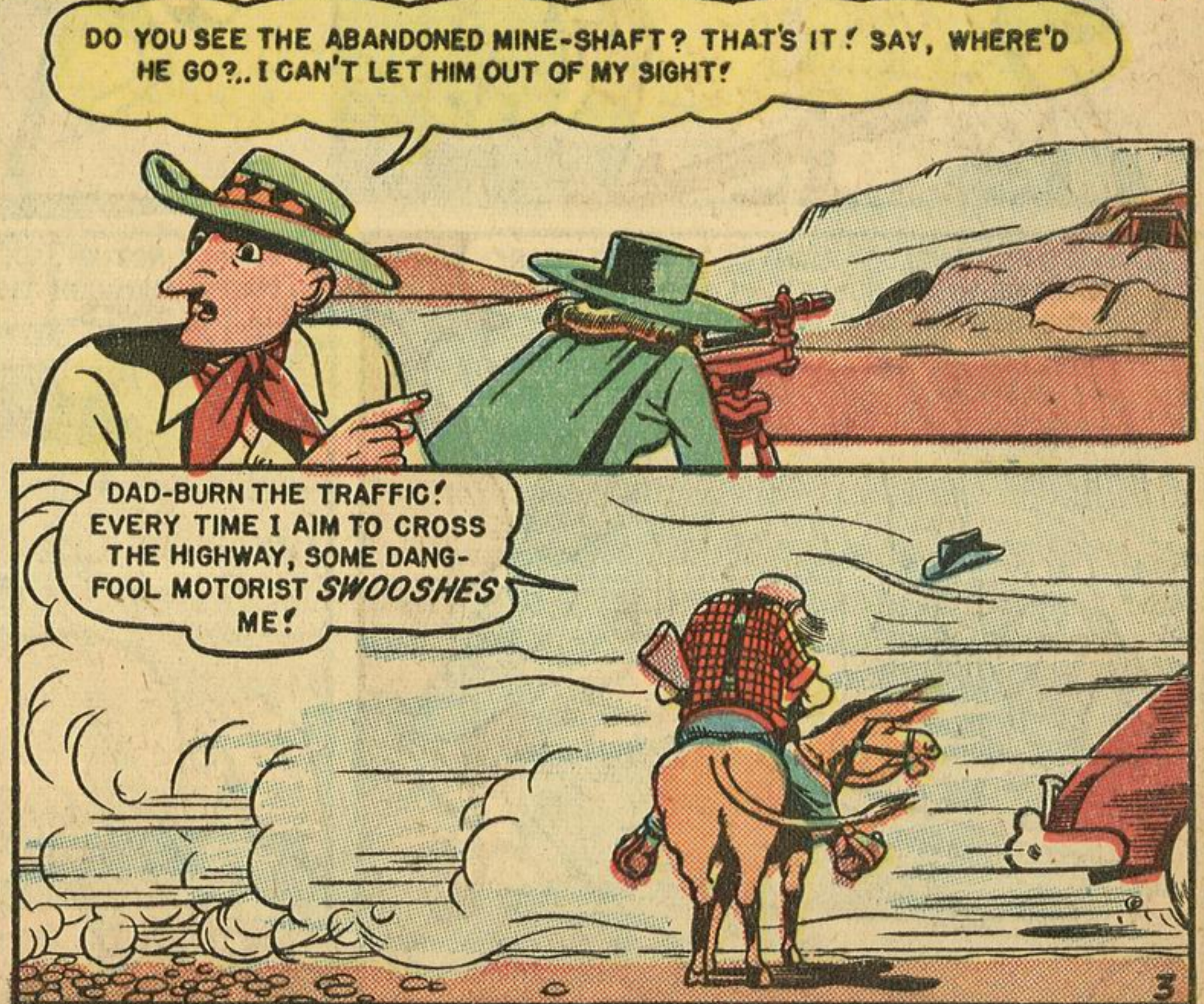
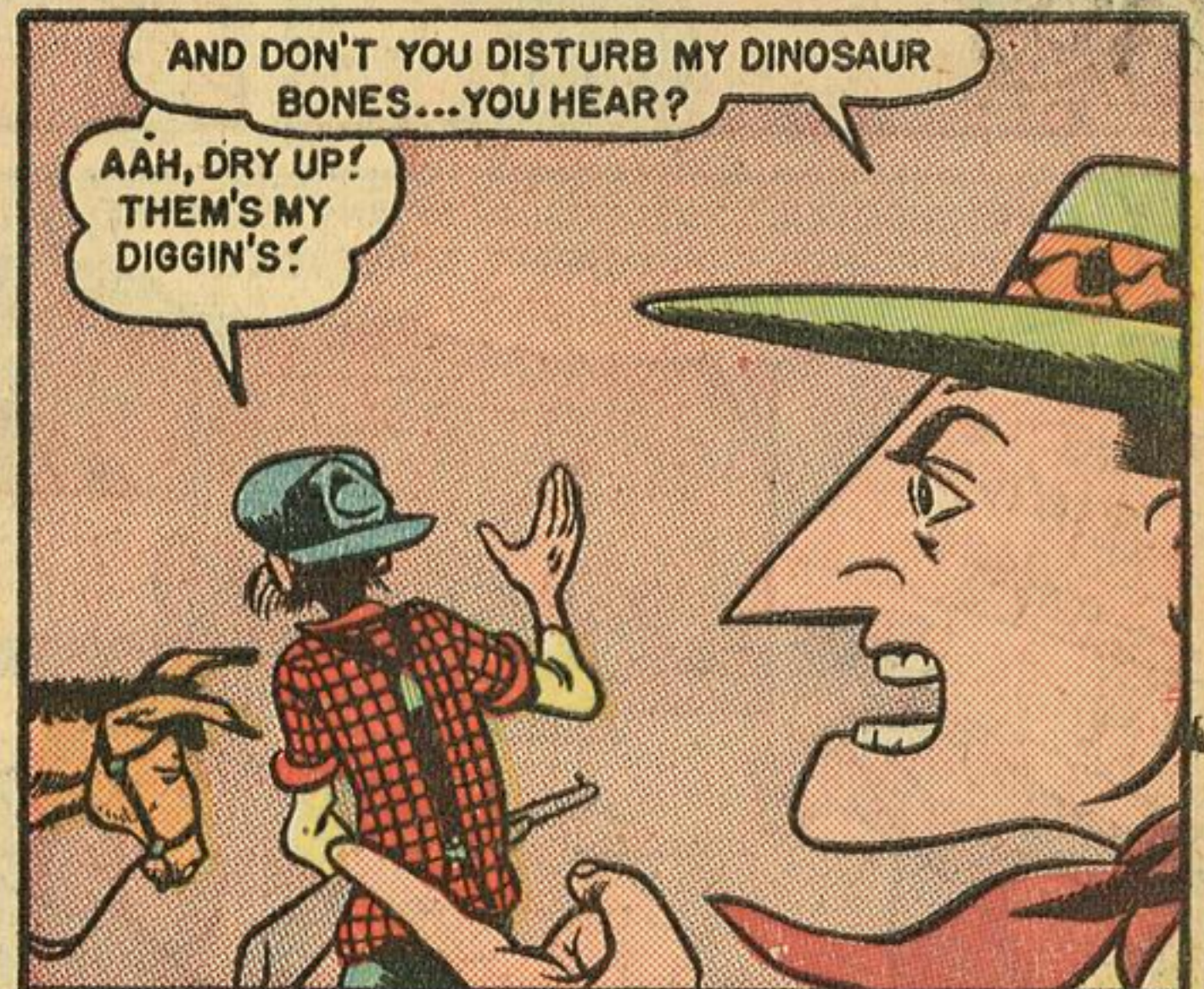
"Really?" Fredonia opened the door as a knock sounded. There stood several competent-looking women in uniform. "Come in, Sergeant," invited Fredonia. To Lofty she said, "You and your friends go quietly with these policewomen. They're perfect ladies, but they're perfect pistol shots, so don't try to get away."



LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK

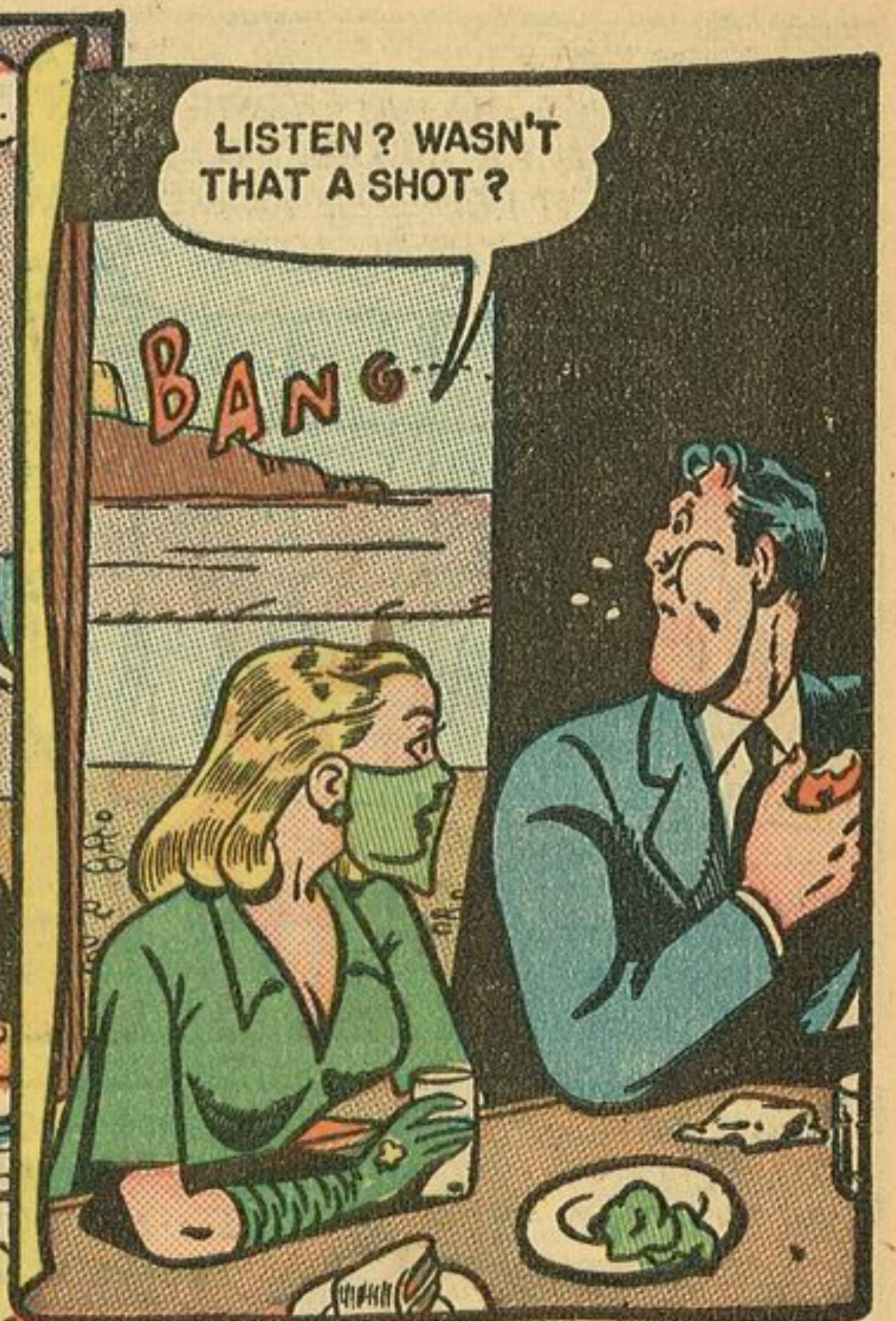


POR CIELO! I'MA HONGRY...I'MA GOTTA EAT *SOMETHEENG*!

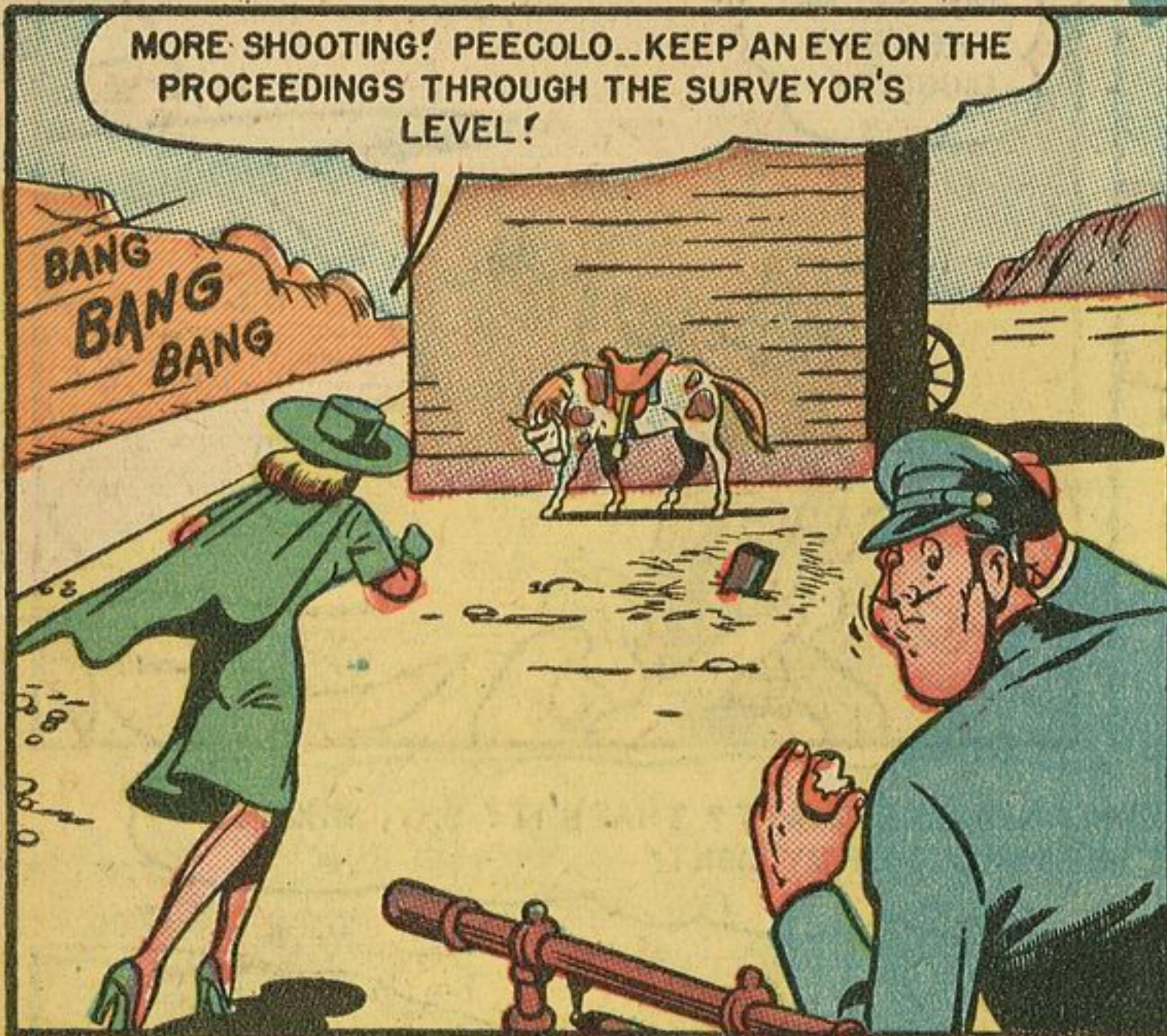


UGH! I WONDER HOW THIS *FLUMMERY* STAYS IN BUSINESS...

BUENO! I'MA FIND A HOPPLE!



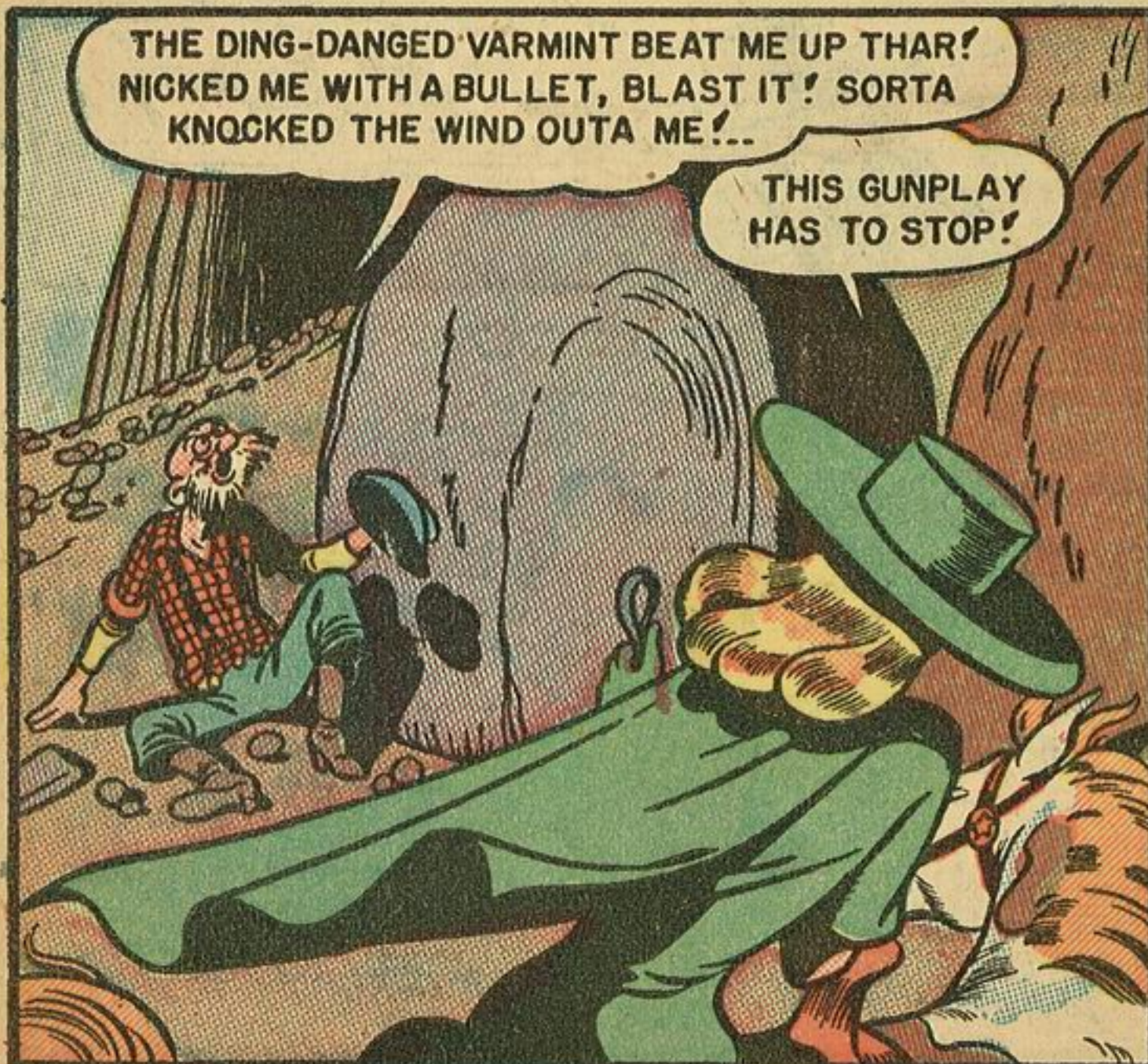
LISTEN? WASN'T THAT A SHOT?



MORE SHOOTING! PEECOLO...KEEP AN EYE ON THE PROCEEDINGS THROUGH THE SURVEYOR'S LEVEL!

BANG
BANG
BANG

THEY MIGHT BE GETTING SERIOUS! OR IT COULD BE ONLY MORE OF GIMLET'S NOISE...



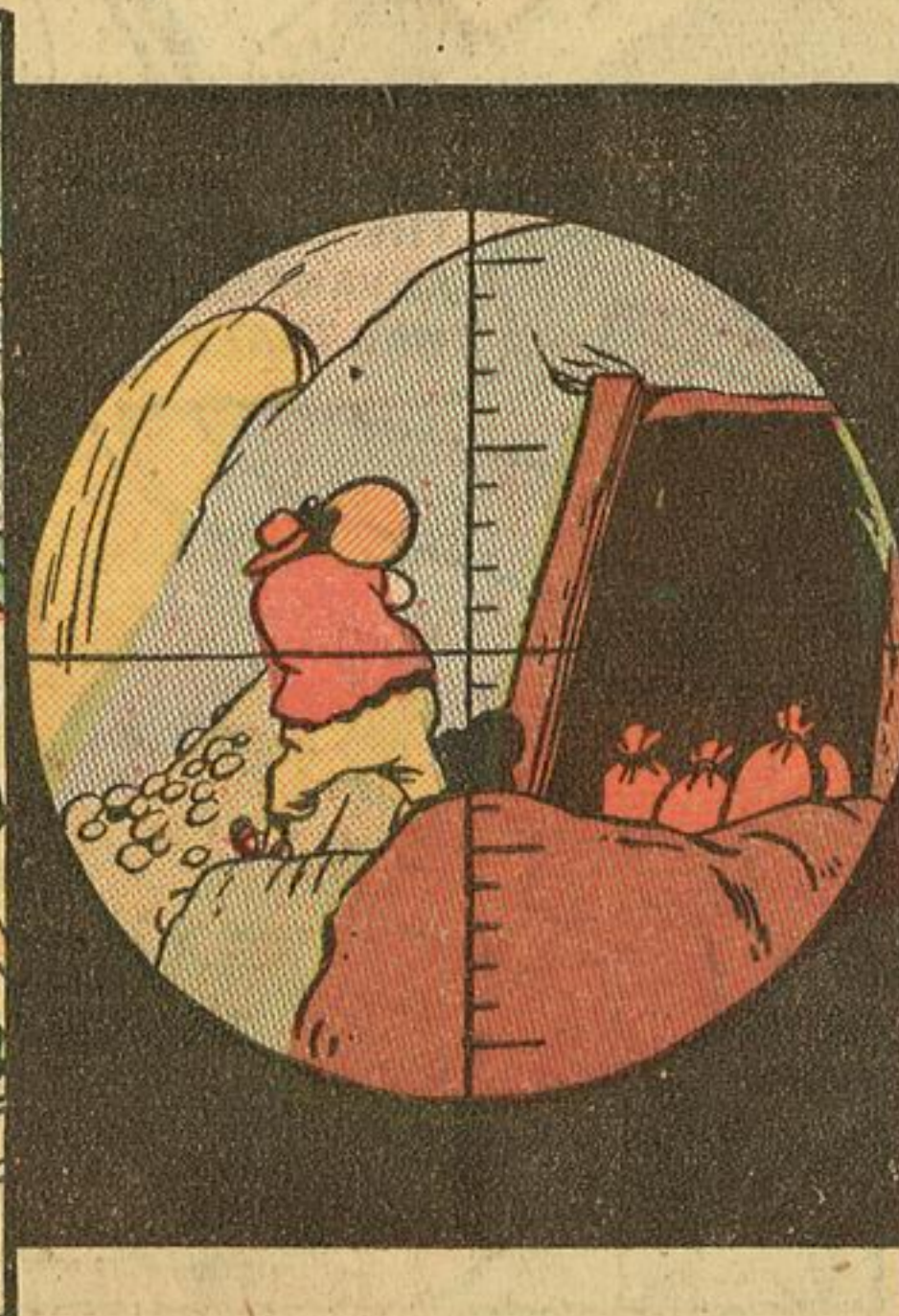
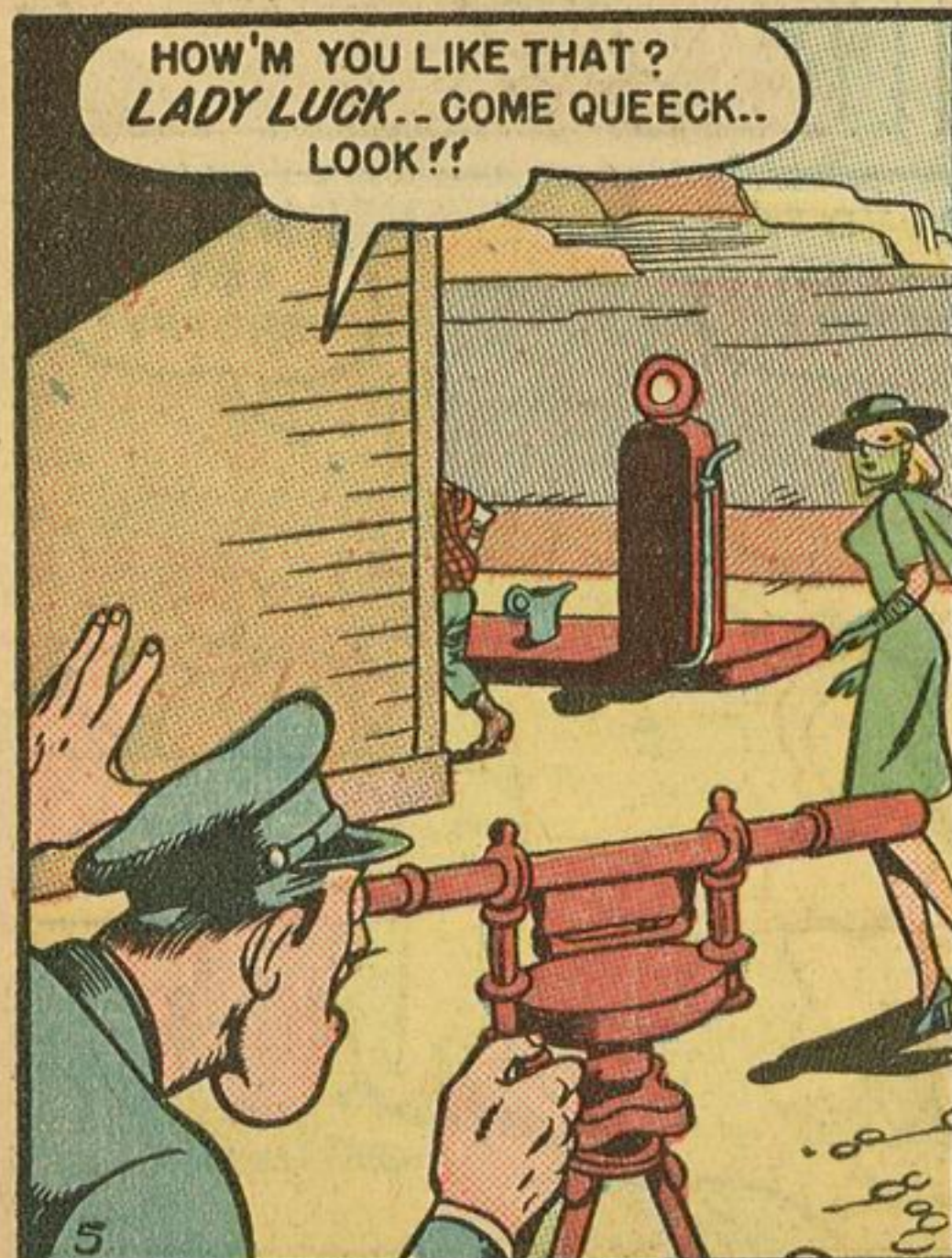
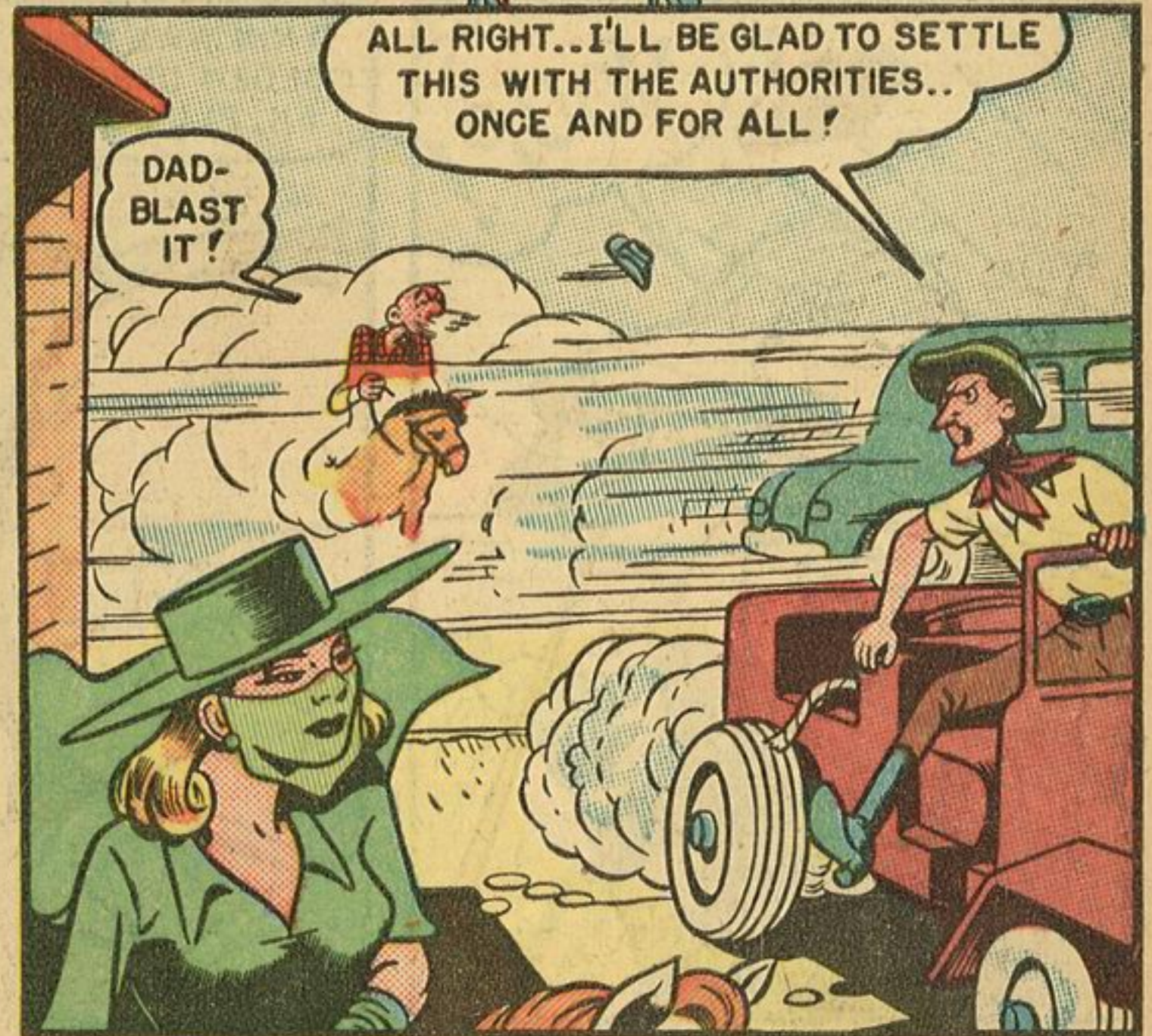
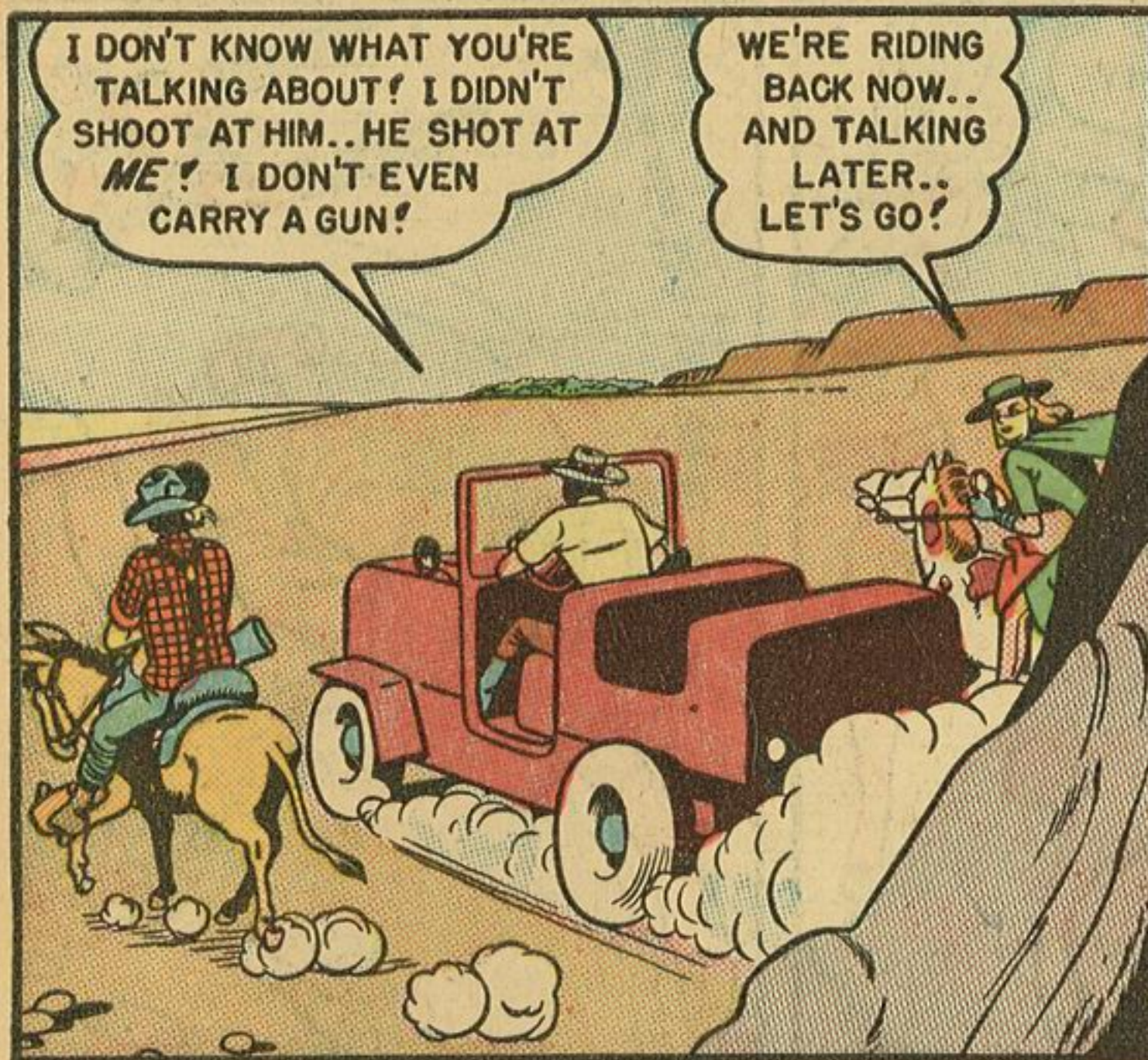
THE DING-DANGED VARMINT BEAT ME UP THAR! NICKED ME WITH A BULLET, BLAST IT! SORTA KNOCKED THE WIND OUTA ME!...

THIS GUNPLAY HAS TO STOP!

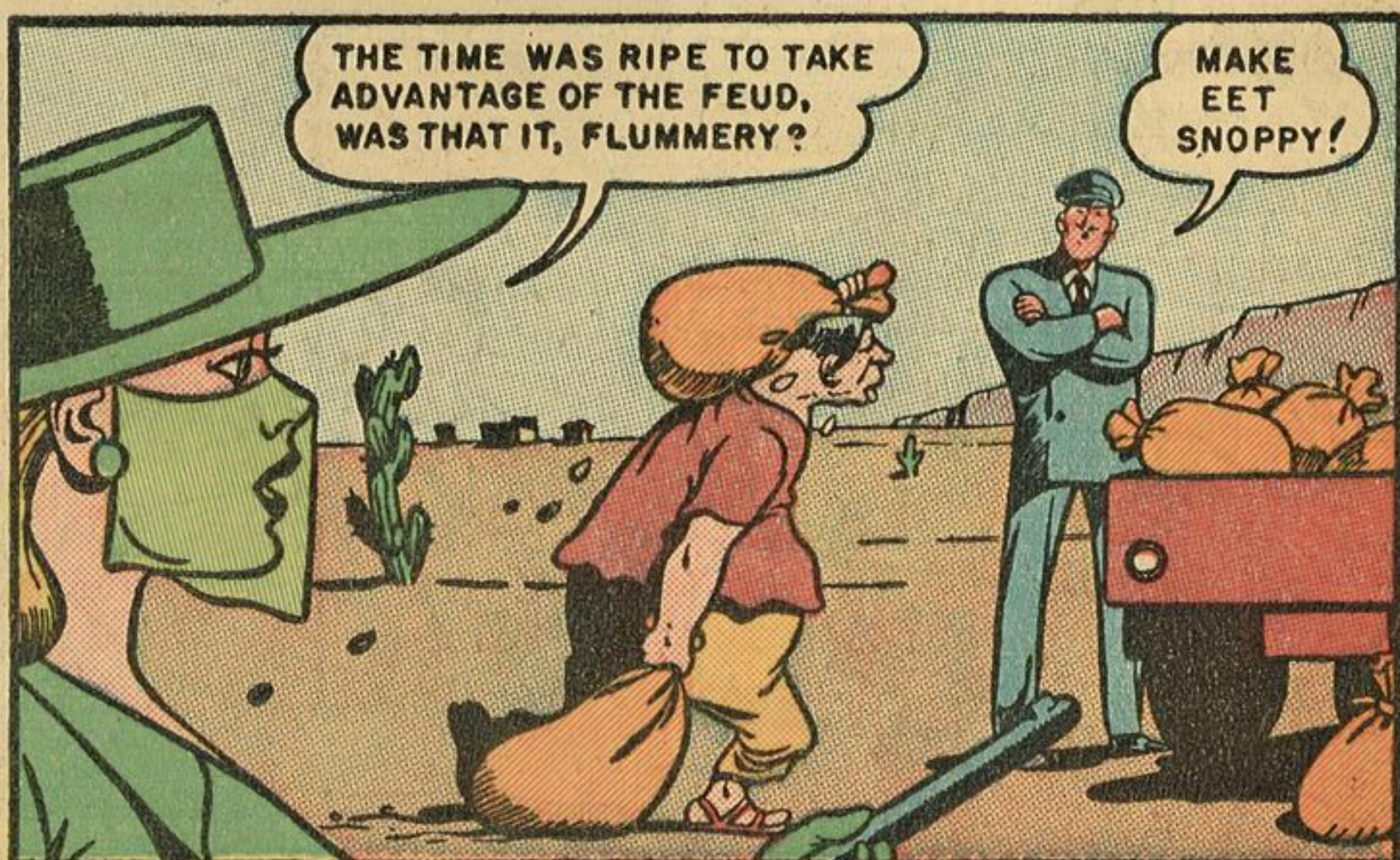
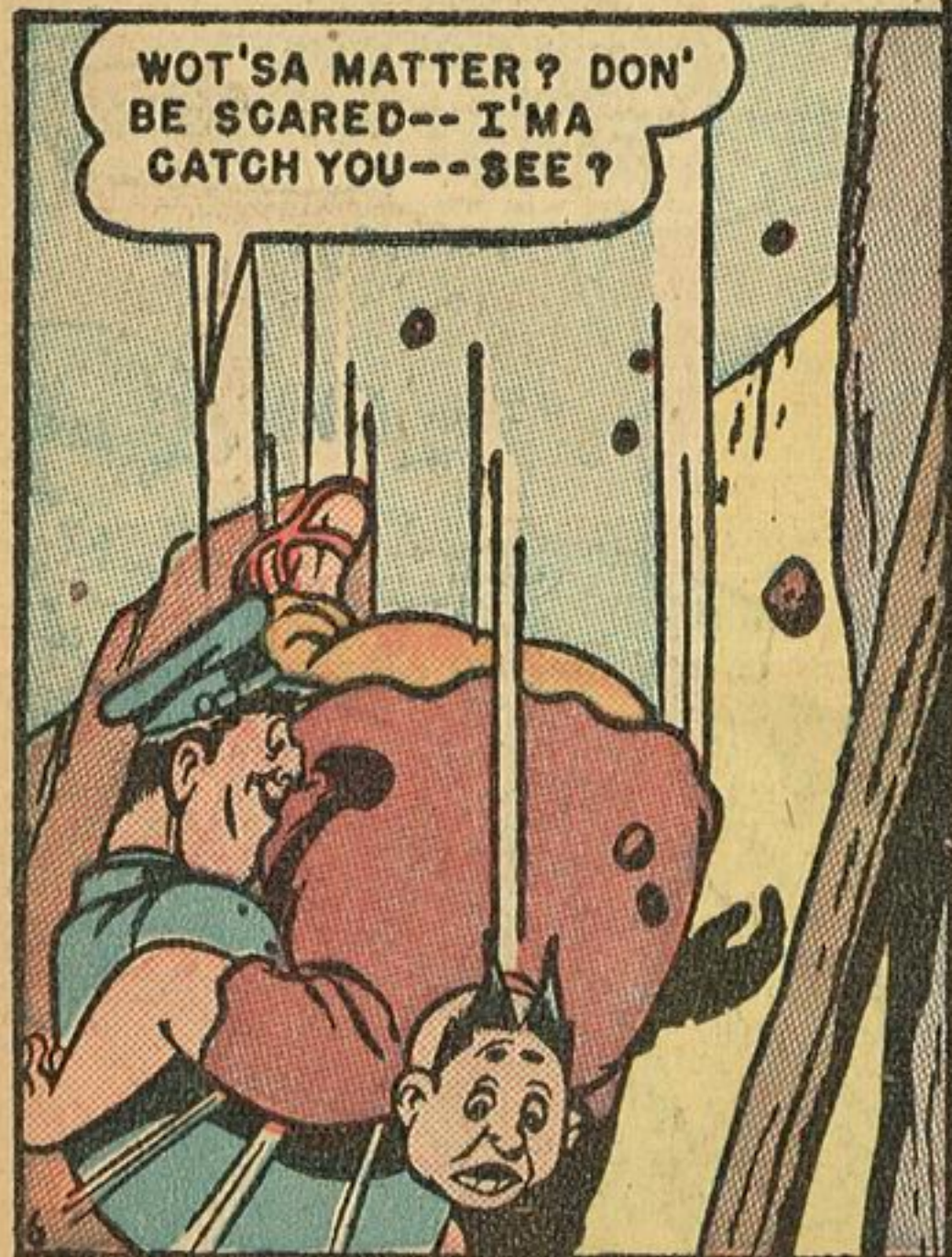
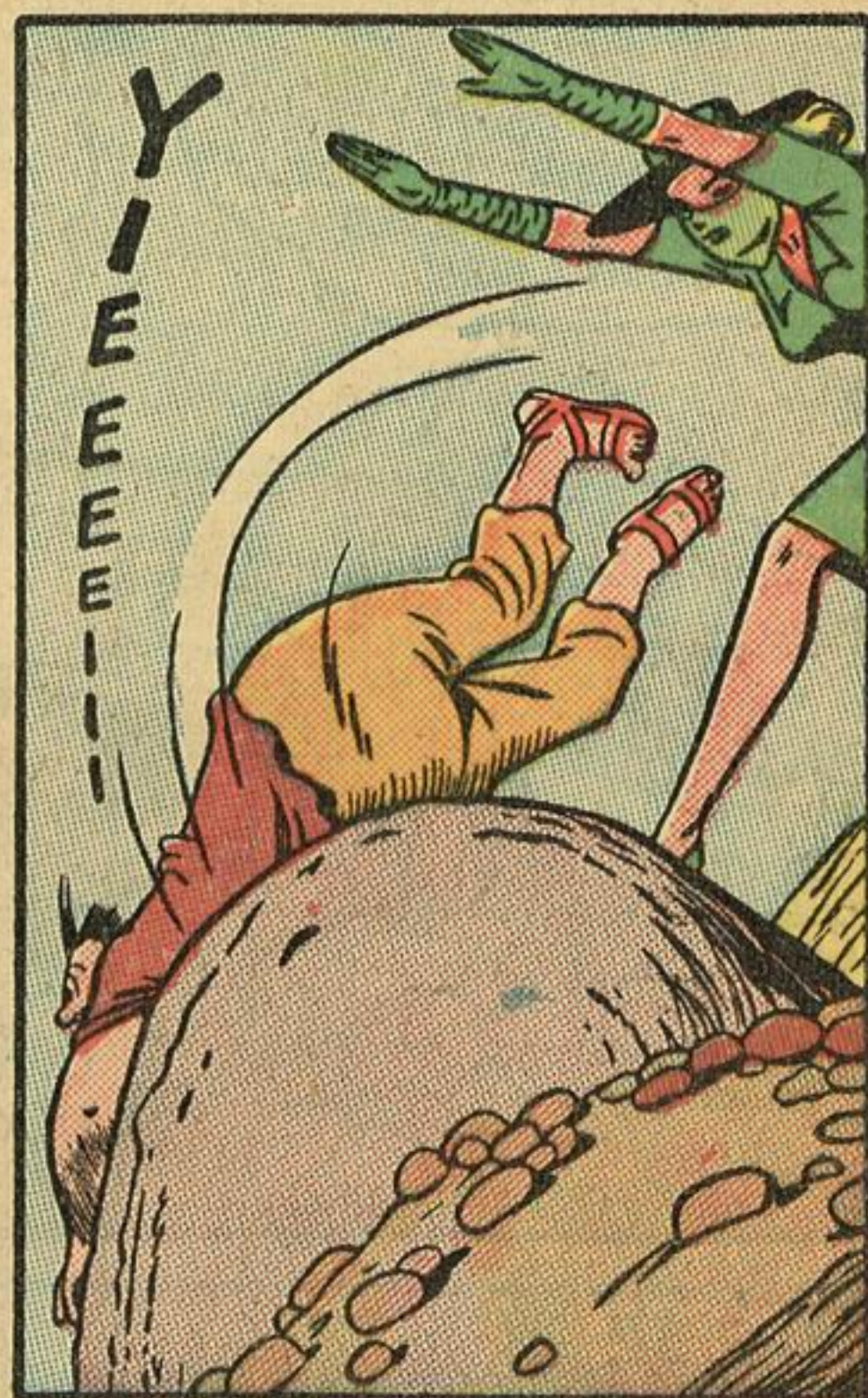
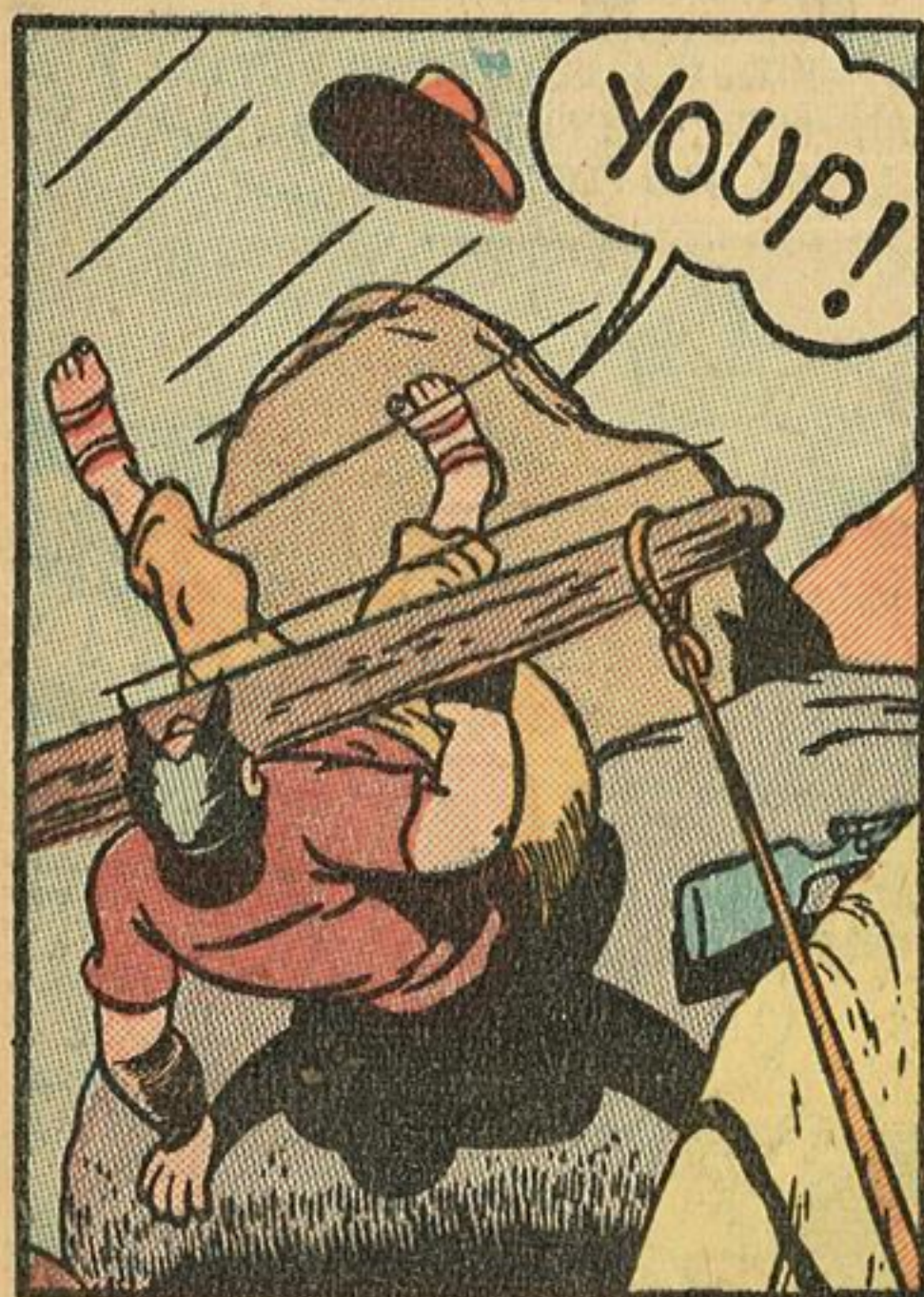
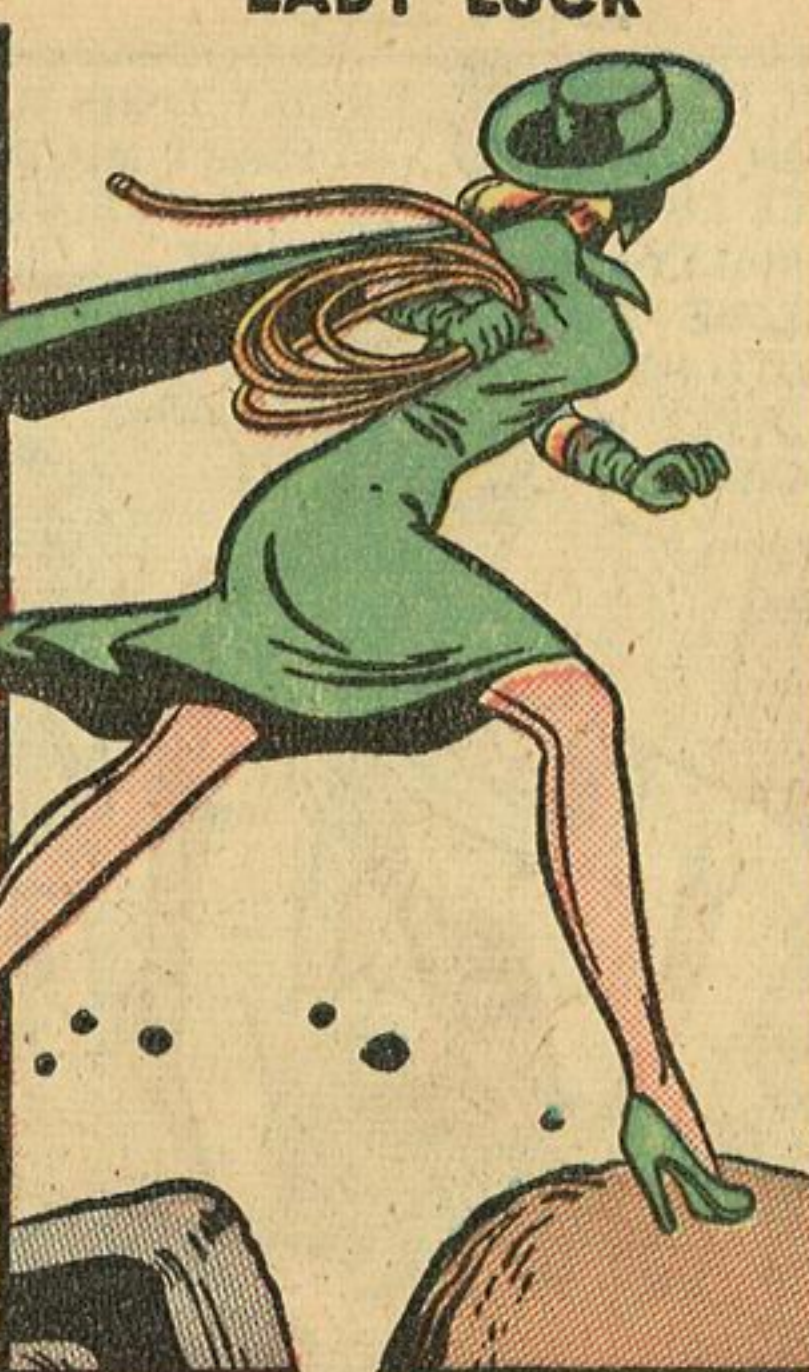


WARN'T NOTHIN', MA'AM! SHUCKS, I BEEN THROUGH THE INJUN WARS!

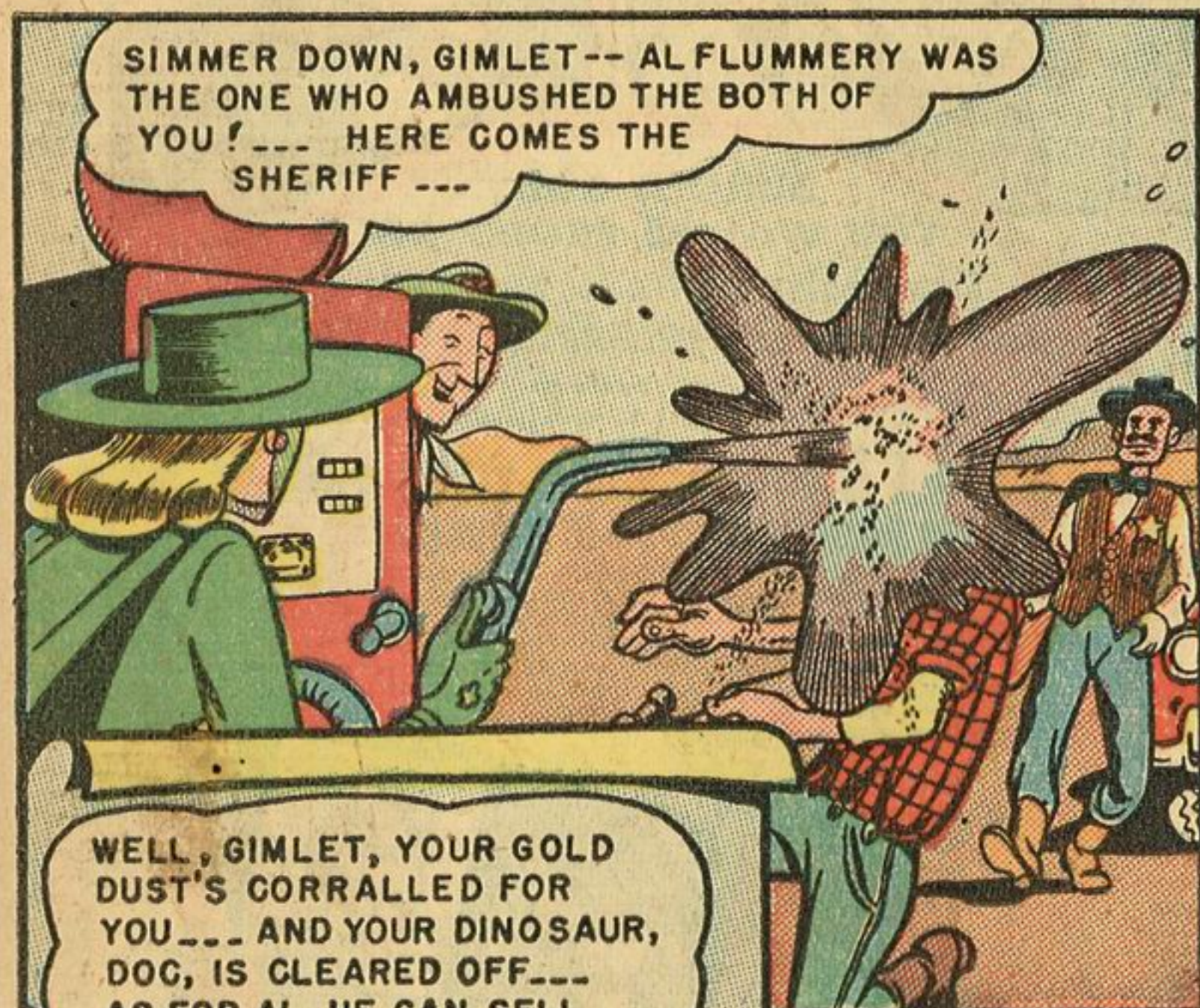
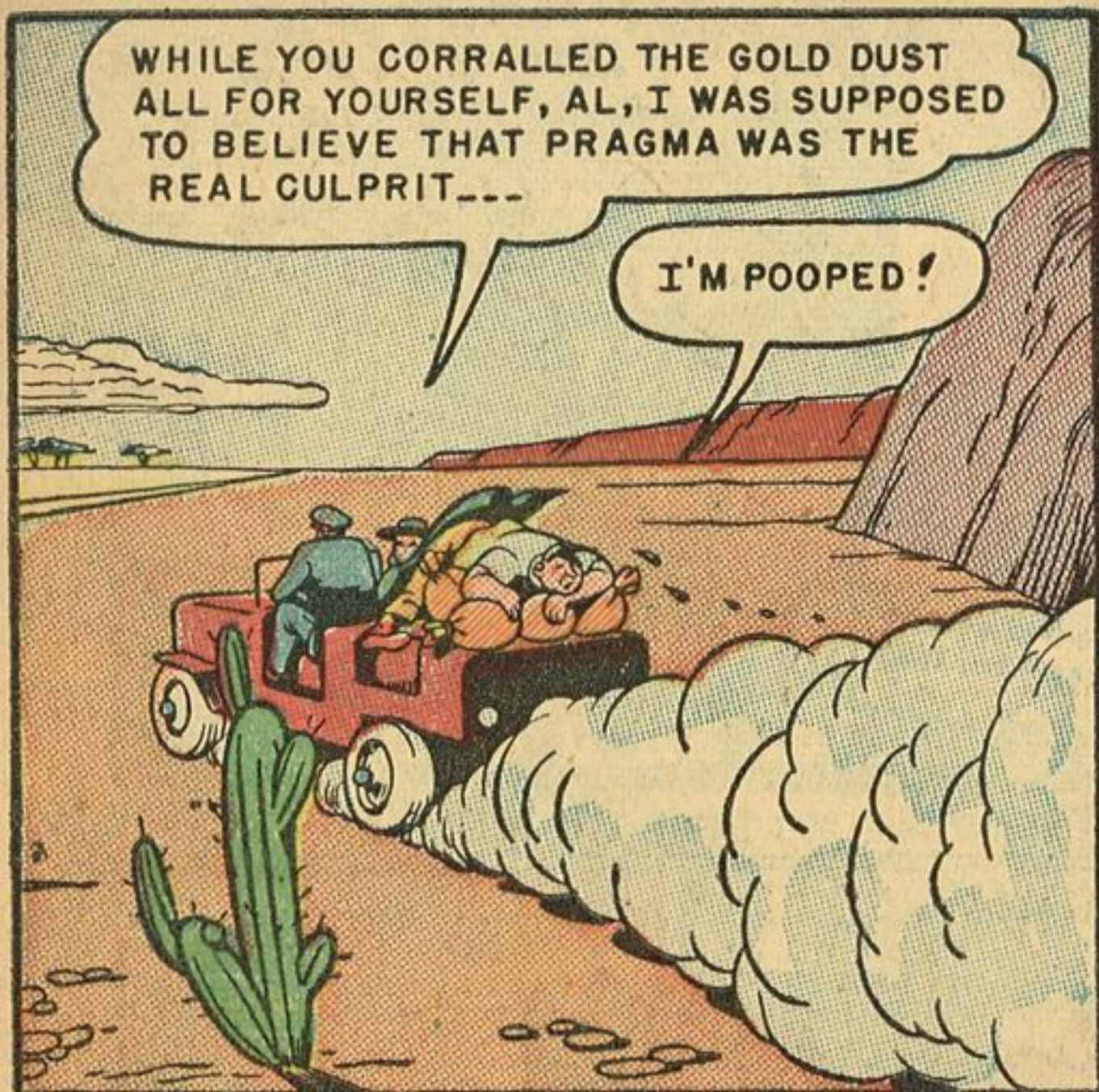
LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK



LADY LUCK



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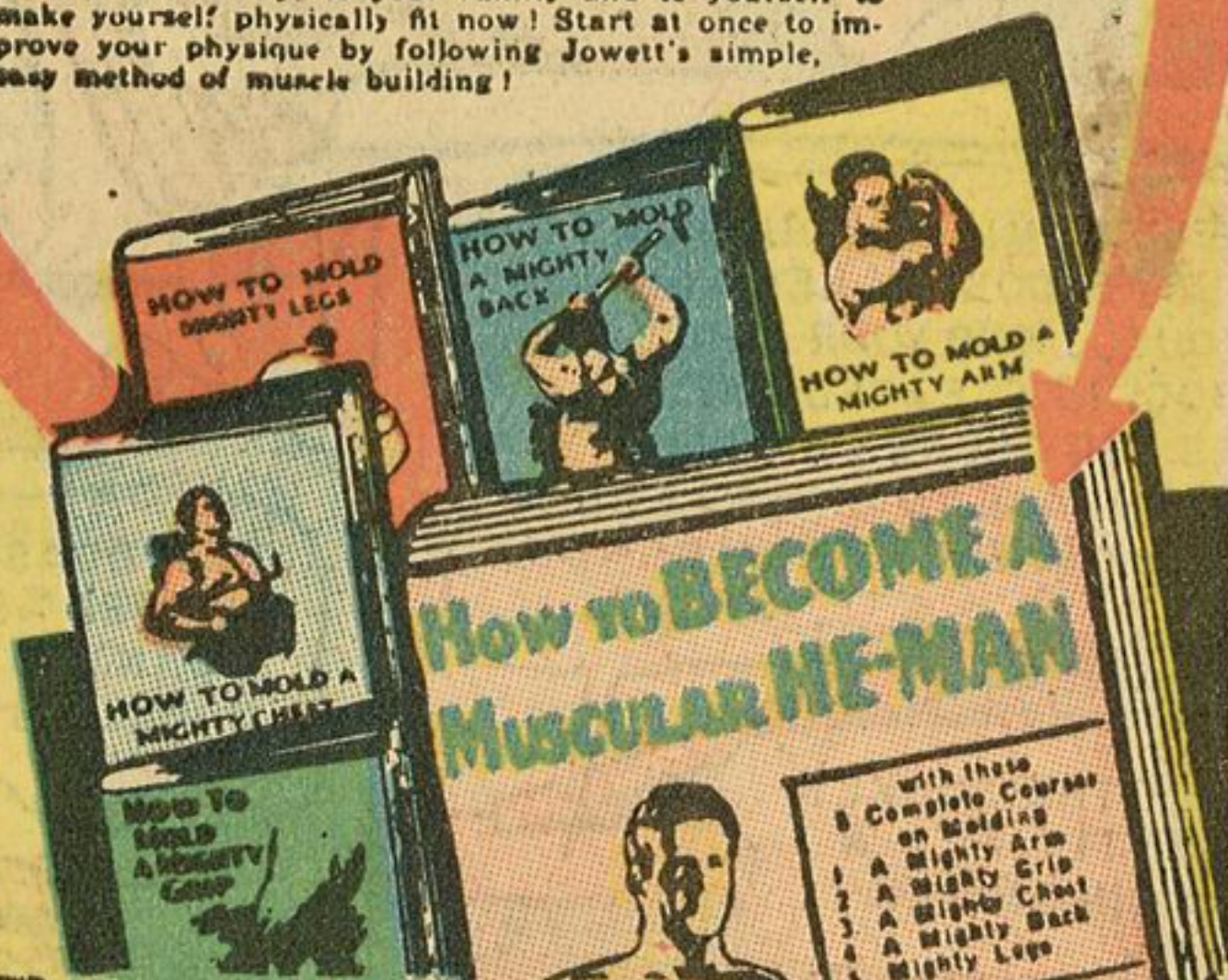
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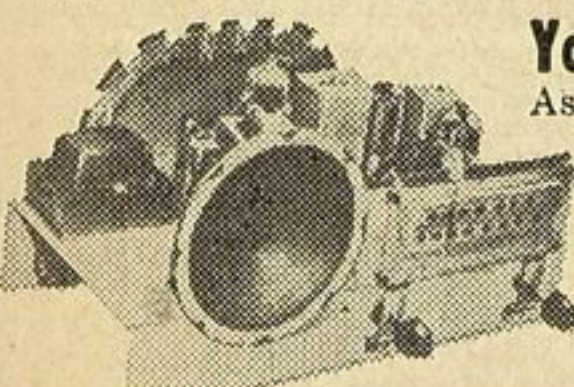
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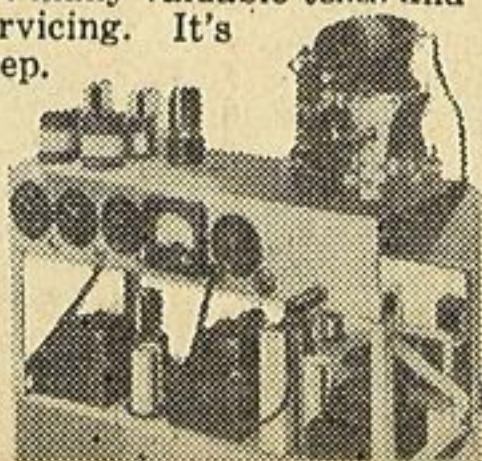
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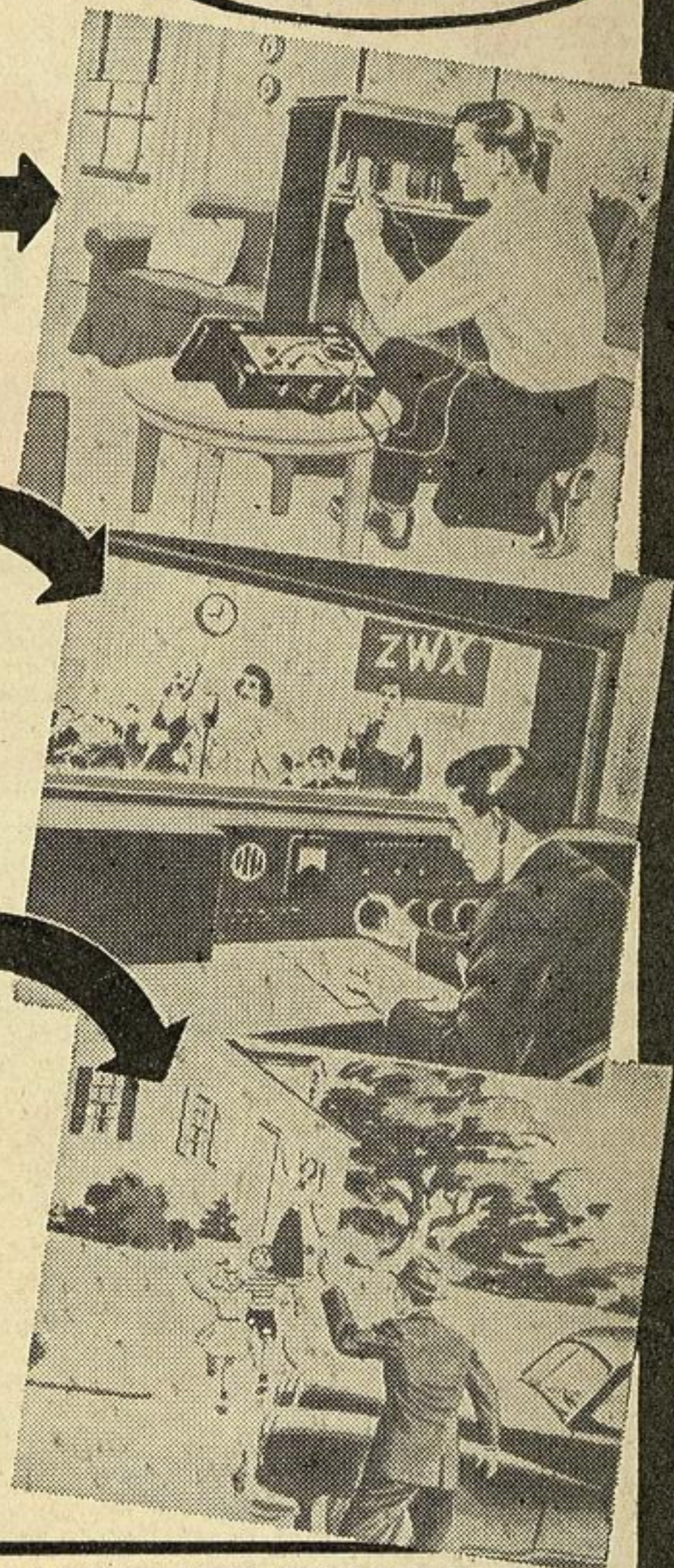
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